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EDITORIAL

THE GINSBURG GENERATION

Douglas Ginsburg is the doomed heir of the real-life Washington soap opera called *All My Right-Wing Children*. This long-running melodrama concerns the travails of the many young conservatives who came to Washington in the Reagan era. While outspoken in defense of "traditional values," they find themselves unable to live by them. They may read Allan Bloom but they still listen to rock music. They may admire Nancy Reagan but they occasionally say yes to recreational drugs. They've enjoyed premarital sex (sometimes with people of the same gender) and had abortions. Some even play Frisbee. They commit all of these sins about as frequently or as infrequently as their fiercest ideological foes. Ginsburg is their martyr.

Ginsburg demonstrates that the conservative movement can't have the 1960s and eat them too. The politics of denouncing and indulging in the cultural innovations of those years seems no longer tenable. Ginsburg himself is not particularly hypocritical. He is a libertarian, not a fundamentalist. But Ed Meese did not anoint Ginsburg merely for his few odd observations about law and economics. Meese assumed that Ginsburg on the Court would also uphold "traditional values" for the next forty years.

In trying to institutionalize the Reagan Revolution, Meese revealed that the revolution is over. For the past decade the Reagan coalition has finessed the tension between its fundamentalist and libertarian wings. The alliance was held together by a rhetorical commitment to "traditional values"—which could mean either "pro-family" nostalgia or laissez-faire economics. The two have been known to clash, as in the life style of a free-market pot smoker at Harvard Law School. The contradictions that doomed Douglas Ginsburg are the contradictions of the conservative movement writ small.

LETTER FROM ISRAEL
Amos Kenan

THE NORMAN DAVIES CASE
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HEARTLAND PROTESTS

FIGHTING THE NUKE-WASTE SHELL GAME

DICK RUSSELL

Approximately 70 percent of the nation's low-level radioactive waste, by curie, is produced by nuclear reactors. For years, the nuclear power industry has preferred to sidestep the disposal problem by claiming that medical facilities were responsible for most of the waste instead. But now, as the industry and the Federal government push for a badly needed expansion of radioactive waste storage capacity, thousands of citizens have begun to mobilize in unprecedented grass-roots opposition to local siting plans.

The most striking example has come in Kansas, where, on an evening in March, an estimated 8,000 people traveled from all over the state in carloads and chartered buses to Beloit. Farmers, housewives, businessmen and self-proclaimed "loud-mouthed grandmothers," they came to confront officials of the Central Interstate Compact Commission, which had been established (along with eight counterparts around the United States) at the urging of Congress to cope with the nuclear waste dilemma. Perhaps nothing since the Populist era or even the days of John Brown had so galvanized the Sunflower State as the question of whether it might be forced to become a radioactive dumping ground for its region. And while some public officials referred to the demonstrators disparagingly as NIMBYs (for "Not in my backyard"), feelings were equally strong in Kansas' compact partner states of Nebraska, Arkansas, Oklahoma and Louisiana even though the protests were less dramatic.

"We have an absolute militant determination," said Bob Bland of the newly formed

(*Continued on Page 594*)

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LETTERS.

FUNDAMENTALLY AT ODDS

Bennington, Vt.

Dilip Hiro's article on "Oil, the Gulf and the Iranians" [Sept. 19] faithfully conveys the claims of Iran's reigning ayatollahs, but as a portrayal of the Iranian political order it contains a number of inaccuracies that I wish to correct. Hiro asserts that the U.S. military presence in the Persian Gulf is designed to divert Iran's attention from "land battles with Iraq and thus retard Teheran's drive toward victory." U.S. intentions in the gulf buildup aside, it is wishful thinking to assume that if "the two combatants are left to their own devices, Iran would emerge as the victor." Seven years of war and more than a million casualties have produced the present stalemate. Furthermore, Iran is critically dependent on secure shipping in the Persian Gulf because that is the only way it can export enough oil to pay for the indispensable import of basic necessities. Yet, Teheran continues the war at the expense of inflicting ever greater suffering and deprivation on its population, particularly the peasants and urban poor. Khomeini's refusal to accept a settlement of the war has more to do with his fear of losing face and disappointing his constituency than with any hope of winning the war. For even the fall of Iraqi President Saddam Hussein could lead only to a wider war involving the adjacent Arab states and the various contenders of succession within Iraq.

Hiro predicts that after Iraq's defeat, "Iran would be in a better position to pressure the rulers of [the gulf monarchies] to heed the Koranic injunctions about consulting the community on the conduct of the government." This is a worthy cause, but it would be somewhat odd for the ayatollahs to advocate respect for popular consensus in the affairs of other governments when they are so completely oblivious to it at home. For example, the Islamic rulers are contemptuous of the intense and widespread desire in Iranian society for peace. The regime does not permit any public expression of the preference for a settlement of the conflict. Khomeini and his lieutenants equate such activity with "waging war against God" and "corrupting the earth." Even men like Mehdi Bazargan, revolutionary Iran's first Prime Minister, and Ibrahim Yazdi, former Foreign Minister and Khomeini's confidant during his exile in Paris, have been beaten and stabbed by the regime's agents for questioning the wisdom of continuing the war.

Hiro refers to Iran's "four presidential and two parliamentary elections" to illustrate the practice of consultation and consent in the Islamic Republic. The only presidential election in which candidates of diverse ideological perspectives were free to compete was the first one, which took place in January 1980. Abolhassan Bani-Sadr received 73 percent of the vote in that election, but Khomeini prevented him from exercising his authority. When Bani-Sadr began to criticize the mullahs publicly, armed gangs of the Islamic Republican Party tried to kill him. Bani-Sadr escaped the country but many of his supporters were arrested and executed. Similarly, in the parliamentary elections of 1980 some nonfundamentalist nominees were elected to the Majlis but were subsequently silenced, arrested or forced into hiding. Since then all elections in Iran have been fraudulent because only the government-approved candidates have been allowed to run. Hiro needs to explain how there could be free elections in a theocracy where freedom of expression does not exist and criticism of the top leadership is regarded as blasphemy.

Hiro asserts that the 52 million Shiite Moslems living in the Persian Gulf region "consider Ayatollah Khomeini to be their religious and political leader." If this is the case, then he needs to explain why there have been more than 7,000 political executions in Iran since Ayatollah Khomeini came to power. These executions, according to Amnesty International, are "often carried out after summary trials [without] the victims having been accorded the right to appeal against conviction and sentence." In 1981 alone Amnesty recorded 2,444 executions in the Islamic Republic; in 1985 the confirmed number was 470. The organization maintains that "these figures are considerably lower than those for the actual number of executions." There are an estimated 50,000 prisoners of conscience in Khomeini's Iran. The 1987 Amnesty report on Iran documents the routine use of torture to extract confessions from such prisoners.

As far as the other gulf states are concerned, it suffices to say that nearly half of the Iraqi soldiers at war with Iran are Shiites. Khomeini has repeatedly called upon them to quit fighting for Saddam Hussein and come to his side of the holy war. The Ayatollah's disappointment in this regard has been total. There are far more anti-Khomeini Iranians who have sought refuge in Iraq than there are anti-Hussein Iraqis who have chosen to live in Iran. The suggestion that Arab Shiites are more loyal to Khomeini than to their own nation is a myth. After all, the Shiites of the region are faced with the tragic truth that while the Ayatollah preaches "neither East nor West," his agents are busy buying arms from both "Western capitalists" and "atheistic Marxists" so that the utterly senseless fratricide between Iran and Iraq can continue. *Mansour Farhang*

PUPPY LOVE

Hartford

As a long-ago *Nation* staff member, I'm especially pleased that Alexander Cockburn has chosen to report on gratuitous violence toward nonhuman animals ["Beat the Devil," Oct. 3]. Unfortunately, the beating and killing of the copulating dogs at the Topeka, Kansas, airport is a grain of sand compared to the institutionalized violence toward dogs that is congruent with one of Kansas' main industries.

I am referring to the approximately 150,000 puppies that are bred annually in Kansas "puppy mills," that is, puppy factories where veterinary care is almost unknown, where shelter from the extremes of the Midwestern climate is dangerously inadequate and where dogs are often confined to tiny wire cages, where they roll in their own excrement (the breeding stock never escapes).

Animal-protection groups in Connecticut are investigating this deadly connection between Connecticut pet stores and puppy mills, linking specific pet stores to specific breeders and brokers in Kansas, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota and Nebraska. We discovered that the Connecticut Department of Agriculture sent a statewide questionnaire to veterinarians last April and that the responses revealed that more than half the sick pups treated are from pet stores.

In September a reporter and photographer from a Connecticut CBS-TV affiliate, WFSB, flew to Kansas and interviewed and photographed some of these suppliers for a widely viewed three-part series. The Connecticut State Agriculture Commissioner responded by holding a meeting on the issue, and legislation is expected to follow.

The Kansas Legislature killed a minimal reform bill last session and an even weaker version has been introduced. Of course, laws and regulations are only as effective as their enforcing agencies—in our case, the U.S. Department of Agriculture, which licenses large breeders and brokers, and the Connecticut Department of Agriculture, which licenses pet stores. Neither agency has enforced the inadequate existing laws. The only sure way to prevent abuses is to ban the sale of pups from pet stores and, until then, not to buy them. *Julie Lewin*
Connecticut Coordinator
Fund for Animals

CORRECTION

The address and telephone number of Media Network, noted in the October 24 review of the film *Girls Apart*, are 121 Fulton Street, Fifth Floor, New York, NY 10038, (212) 619-3455.

The Nation welcomes letters—typed, double spaced and no longer than 300 words, please. Longer letters may be edited for reasons of space.

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Manuscripts: The magazine cannot be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes.

Publisher, Arthur L. Carter

President and Associate Publisher, David Parker; *Assistant General Manager,* Neil Black; *Advertising Director,* William Duke; *Business Manager,* Ann B. Epstein; *Bookkeepers,* Tanveer Mall, Ivor A. Richardson; *Art/Production Manager,* Jane Sharples; *Circulation Director,* Stephen W. Soule; *Subscription Manager,* Cookee V. Klein; *Publicity Director,* Sarah Perl; *InterNation Manager,* Phillip Frazer; *Assistant Advertising Manager,* Eamonn Fitzgerald; *Receptionist,* Greta Loell; *Mail Clerk,* John Holtz; *Administrative Secretary,* Shirley Sulat; *Production,* Terry Miller; *Typography,* Randall Cherry, Mitchel Cohen, Sandy McCroskey; *Nation Associates Director,* Nancy Bacher; *Syndication,* Jeff Sorensen; *Newsstand Sales Manager,* Jay Pearsall.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and biweekly in July and August) by The Nation Company, Inc. © 1987 in the U.S.A. by The Nation Company, Inc., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. (212) 242-8400. *Washington Bureau:* Suite 308, 110 Maryland Avenue N.E., Washington, DC 20002. (202) 546-2239. Second-class postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION. Subscription orders, changes of address and all subscription inquiries: *The Nation,* Box 1953, Marion, OH 43305. *Subscription Price:* One year, $36; two years, $67. Add $9 for postage outside U.S. Claims for missed issues must be made within 60 days (120 days foreign) of publication date. **Please allow 6-8 weeks for receipt of your first issue and for all subscription transactions.** Back issues $3 prepaid ($4 foreign) from: *The Nation,* 72 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011. *The Nation* is available on microfilm from: University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Rd., Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

EDITORIALS.

Ortega's Dilemma

The Sandinistas have played their cards expertly; the Arias plan is on track; George Shultz will be compelled to resume bilateral talks with Nicaragua; peace is at hand. That is the easy, optimistic reading of the events of recent weeks. But there is another, more ominous interpretation.

Ever since October 13, when Costa Rican President Oscar Arias insisted that a negotiated cease-fire in Nicaragua was "indispensable," a potentially dangerous new chain of events has been set in motion in Managua. All but ignoring other fundamental issues, such as the presence of *contra* base camps in Honduras, Arias's new demands have placed Nicaragua's every move under a microscope. To try to bring the war to an end, the Sandinistas have done their best to jump through each new hoop held up for them. But this may mean running high risks at home.

For most of the past eight years, Nicaragua's survival has rested on the Sandinistas' ability to tread a fine line between the demands of the faithful at home and those of swing voters in a hostile outside world. At bottom there is no contradiction between the political and diplomatic fronts in the war—they are two sides of the same coin. But under intense pressure, they may begin to work at cross-purposes.

The pressure has continued unabated since October 13, with an accelerated, unstable logic of its own that cannot

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easily be controlled. The first hint of the problem was a relatively minor incident: On October 23, at the eleventh hour, the Interior Ministry withdrew permission for Atlantic Coast Indian leader Brooklyn Rivera to return to the country for peace talks without first agreeing to the terms of an amnesty. Interior Minister Tomás Borge apparently feared that Rivera's return would be taken as a precedent by other *contra* leaders of the so-called Nicaraguan Resistance. Two days later, a senior Defense Ministry aide, Roger Miranda, defected to the United States. It was the first serious breach of army security and a major personal blow for Defense Minister Humberto Ortega, the President's brother. Although the Sandinistas say Miranda's first contact with U.S. intelligence was in September, the usually reliable Alfonso Chardy of *The Miami Herald* reported on November 4 that the defector may have been a C.I.A. mole for as long as a year.

Then came what the press reported as the great Sandinista flip-flop on talks with the *contras*: On October 29, directorate member Bayardo Arce delivered a fiery message to the Sandinista Assembly promising no compromise of the principles of the revolution, no "political dialogue." Slogans along those lines dominated the banners in the crowd that assembled to hear Daniel Ortega's speech on November 5, with its offer of indirect cease-fire talks with the *contras* mediated by Miguel Cardinal Obando y Bravo—exactly what Arias had demanded. The crowd greeted the announcement in disconcerted silence, cheering only when Ortega promised no amnesty for National Guard war criminals.

The first speech was for domestic consumption; the second was directed more at Oscar Arias, Christopher Dodd and the European Social Democrats (and, one assumes from Ortega's recent trip to Moscow, at Mikhail Gorbachev). Ortega's speech was designed to stop the war; Arce's to reassure the party faithful that peace did not mean surrender. Again, in the minds of the Sandinistas there may be no contradiction. But a rallying cry to party workers, when placed under the microscope, can be made to appear as evidence of duplicity on the diplomatic front; and overly conciliatory words to the outside world may make the rank and file wonder whether revolutionary resolve is on the wane. The Sandinistas have always walked this tightrope; now it has become the razor's edge.

The wild card in all this could be Roger Miranda, now presumably unpacking his suitcase full of secrets at Langley. At crucial stages in the past, we have seen Sandinista diplomacy torpedoed repeatedly—press and Congressional attention has been diverted by "invasions" of Honduras, designer eyeglasses, trips to Moscow, the famous "MIG crisis" that drowned out the 1984 Nicaraguan election. If the drift toward peace becomes intolerable to zealots in the Reagan Administration, Miranda will surely be wheeled out to unveil lurid Sandinista-Cuban conspiracies and sow dissent among a leadership that must already be operating under maximum strain.

I.F. STONE REPORTS:
Flabby Words for a Crisis

Confidence would pick up if U.S. leadership bit its lips and said "taxes." The double-page crisis-appeal ad in *The New York Times* on November 9—a mountainous mobilization of notables for a molehill of euphemisms—could not bring itself to utter the dirty word. It did mumble about "revenue increases" to be "considered" but only after larger spending cuts and even then to be limited to "revenues" that "discourage consumption and encourage savings and investment"—the same supply-side song that ballooned the deficit and poured billions into a speculative boom. And our profligate Pentagon should be "restrained." This is hardly blood, sweat and tears.

Reefer Madness

If there was anything unusual in Judge Douglas Ginsburg's rapid descent, it was probably the sight of White House conservatives scrambling to create a loophole in the national drug hysteria that would mitigate occasional marijuana use by a Supreme Court nominee. Never mind that President Reagan said last year that drug users are "as dangerous to our national security as any terrorist"; he tried dismissing Ginsburg's indiscretion as nothing more than "youthful fancy."

There was nothing surprising about Reagan's expedient reversal. For six years, the only consistent thing about our national drug policy has been its inconsistency. Harsher penalties, urine testing, hysteria, budget cuts and the simplistic "Just Say No!" campaign (the equivalent of telling manic depressives to "just cheer up") have returned drug education and treatment to the Reefer Madness era.

Since 1980 the President and Nancy Reagan, Attorney General Edwin Meese 3d and White House drug policy advisers such as Dr. Carlton Turner, have made numerous rash and absurd statements about drugs. Dr. Turner claimed that smoking marijuana leads to AIDS (the sequence: Pot leads to harder drugs, which lead to sharing needles, which leads to AIDS). Peter Bensinger, former head of the Drug Enforcement Administration, claimed that marijuana was harmful because it "contained dioxin." The dioxin, of course, came from government spraying. Such statements are reminiscent of the 1920s, when the public was told that cocaine made blacks impervious to bullets.

Truth has been the first casualty in this so-called war on drugs. When Reagan labeled drug abuse "an evil scourge" that has become the nation's number-one social problem, during the 1986 campaign, the nation had been whipped up into such a frenzy that polls showed the citizenry believed him. On October 27, 1986, Reagan got what he championed: the fifty-fifth Federal antidrug bill in eighty years. Congress

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authorized $3.96 billion to attack what *Newsweek*, with typical hyperbole, compared to "the plagues of medieval times." (That plague wiped out two-thirds of the people in Europe. According to government statistics, in 1979 3,500 deaths were attributed to illicit drugs. No deaths, incidentally, were caused by marijuana.) Then, after the elections, Reagan cut $1 billion from his own war on drugs program and, in the harshest blow, recommended that no money be spent on drug rehabilitation and treatment in fiscal 1988.

Like the Red Menace of the early 1950s, the current drug hysteria has led to a loyalty oath—this time, the urine test. Extrapolating from margin-of-error figures supplied by manufacturers of standard drug tests (5 percent) and instances of laboratory mishandling documented by the Centers for Disease Control (15 to 20 percent), one can easily agree with a Northwestern University report claiming a national error rate of up to 25 percent. That means roughly one of every four persons tested for controlled substances could wrongly be fired, not hired or denied promotion.

But Reagan's not one to quibble about margins of error or unreasonable biochemical searches. Last year, when he announced the notorious drug-free workplace edict, he targeted Federal workers as an example for all labor. New applicants and tenured employees were forced to submit to urine tests. Of course, he wants to test all workers in America, which is rapidly occurring: In the private sector an estimated 35 million people were screened this year and the White House hopes to see 90 million being tested by 1990.

It is time to rethink a complex problem like drug abuse and disregard the simplistic nonsense of the Reagan antidrug campaign, which has ignored scientific evidence and overridden fundamental values of privacy and due process.

ABBIE HOFFMAN

Abbie Hoffman is co-author, with Jonathan Silvers, of Steal This Urine Test: Fighting Drug Hysteria in America *(Penguin Books). Hoffman sits on the board of directors of the Veritas Foundation, sponsors of a drug rehabilitation community in New York City.*

Letter From Israel

Tel Aviv

Beit Alfa is a unique and interesting kibbutz. It was founded in 1922 by members of Hashomer Hatzair, an international Jewish youth movement, which at the time was a romantic expression of rebellion. Later, they formed Israel's Socialist Zionist Party, Mapam. Influenced by Robert Baden-Powell and his Scouting movement and by the German *Wandervogel*, those young Jewish intellectuals lived by the ideals of free love, secular revolutionary humanism, labor as salvation.

Today, Beit Alfa produces modern police anti-riot armored cars, which sell for $200,000 each. Equipped with water cannons, the vehicles are the last word in "humane" riot control, enabling police to put down demonstrations without shooting to kill. They are successfully used for this purpose in South Africa. A year ago, however, the kibbutz decided to stop selling the cars to the apartheid regime, though it still exports them to Latin America and the Far East.

I make no criticism, I merely state a fact. Beit Alfa is a short paragraph in the long history of Socialist Zionism.

Another Israeli story is that of a young man named Moshe Amirav, who sought peace and ran afoul of the extreme right wing. A member of the Knesset from the Likud Party, he was until recently Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir's candidate to head the government press office.

This summer Amirav held a series of discreet, though not clandestine, talks with Sari Nuseibeh, professor of philosophy at Bir Zeit University in the West Bank. Sari is what is called in Israel a "moderate Palestinian." The term applies to those who, although not official members of the Palestine Liberation Organization, insist on the Palestinians' right to self-determination and statehood and are willing to negotiate with Israel on these subjects, and also peace.

Faisal Husseini subsequently joined the talks. The son of the legendary Abdel Qader Husseini, the Palestinian military commander who fell in the 1948 war, he is seen by Israeli authorities as the P.L.O.'s man in the West Bank.

Moshe Amirav's intention was to steal the peace flag from Foreign Minister Shimon Peres, a difficult task. But not impossible, because what Peres has offered is unacceptable to the Palestinians, and what the P.L.O. offers cannot be accepted by Peres. So, one may assume that Amirav asked, Why let Peres be the only one to offer peace on unacceptable terms to the Palestinians? Why shouldn't the Likud do the same, without betraying the ideal of a Greater Israel?

Amirav's offer was a simple one. It assumed that the Palestinian state is Jordan. The West Bank and Gaza would remain under Israeli rule, although the Palestinians living there would enjoy internal autonomy. In addition, there would be a freeze on Jewish settlement in the occupied territories and mutual recognition between Israel and the P.L.O. Amirav, it is rumored, was to have met Yasir Arafat in Geneva in September. But the initiative fell apart after Faisal Husseini was put under administrative arrest by Israeli authorities at the end of August. It is rumored that Amirav kept some of his young friends in the Likud leadership posted, among them Benjamin Zeev Begin, son of Menachem Begin; and Knesset members Ehud Olmert and Dan Meridor, Begin's Cabinet Secretary. All these men, however, denied any knowledge of Amirav's initiative when it was revealed in the Jerusalem weekly *Kol Ha'ir*. A few days later, Sari Nuseibeh was attacked by Palestinian extremists and hospitalized. In Likud, there were calls to expel Amirav from the party.

Still, the question is hanging in the air. Even extreme right-wingers recognize that failure to find a solution to the Palestinian issue could jeopardize the future of Israel. Within a few decades, Palestinians will make up a majority in Palestine. How long should Beit Alfa's police car be the only way to deal with the situation? That is the question. AMOS KENAN

Amos Kenan is an Israeli novelist and a columnist for Yediot Aharonot.

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Mansour Farhang has been an important figure in Iranian politics for some years. Active in the democratic exile opposition to the Shah, Farhang became an early adviser to the revolutionary government. In the fall of 1979 he was in Washington as an adviser to then-Foreign Minister Abolhassan Bani-Sadr. He accepted the post of Iran's ambassador to the United Nations in mid-December, on condition that hostage-taking be abandoned as an instrument of policy. Earlier that month he had returned to Teheran and had a meeting with the Ayatollah Khomeini and some of Khomeini's senior colleagues. He had told them that the holding of the American hostages was defacing the revolution and undermining Iran's standing overseas. Upon coming to New York he participated in establishing the U.N. commission that reviewed the competing claims of Iran and the United States. He was to see U.N. mediation efforts thwarted twice, first by Jimmy Carter, who wanted to "stand tall" in the face of a primaries challenge from Teddy Kennedy, and second by Khomeini, whose dislike of Carter exceeded the irrational.

In May 1980, Farhang abandoned his job at the United Nations and went home to Iran. There he wrote an open letter to Parliament, warning that the continued holding of U.S. diplomats was inciting chauvinist and conservative forces in the United States. Although this letter was not well received by the clerics, the decisive element among the Khomeini leadership had, Farhang believes, come to the conclusion that retention of the hostages was counterproductive. The mullahs no longer needed the embassy drama to consolidate their hold over the assembly, the press and public opinion. In addition, reports of border incidents with Iraq were becoming more frequent, and the Iranians had no wish to confront an enemy with their assets frozen and their access to spare parts denied.

So when Sadegh Tabatabai went to West Germany in mid-September to negotiate with Carter's envoy, Warren Christopher, he went as Khomeini's representative with full power to make a deal. The talks were difficult because Iran wanted the arms it had already paid for, and the Americans objected to releasing most of those weapons classed as lethal. Farhang, who followed the progress of negotiations closely, thinks that Mohammed Beheshti and Hashemi Rafsanjani began at about this time to consider manipulating U.S. internal politics. Whereas once they had responded with anger to arguments that the hostage issue was fueling the American right, now they called such arguments naïve.

In late September 1980, when Iraq first invaded Iran, Farhang says it was commonly assumed among secular Iranians that there had to be a deal with Carter because Ronald Reagan would be much harder to handle when it came to frozen assets, delayed shipments of spare parts and the rest of it. But when Farhang attended a meeting of the Supreme Defense Council as President Bani-Sadr's representative in early October, he found an extraordinarily different attitude. The mullahs no longer seemed afraid of Reagan or impressed by arguments about the damage done to Iran by protracting the hostage crisis. The negotiations with Christopher were collapsing, with no show of concern on the part of some of those same Iranians who had set such store by them. Farhang, now in the United States and once again an active member of the democratic exile opposition, tells me that he wondered at the time what new element could have entered the equation.

Similarly, on October 15, 1980, Iranian Prime Minister Mohammed Ali Rajai came to the United Nations and was distressed to find that there was more concern about the hostage situation than there was about the Iraqi invasion of his country. He wrote in a panic to Khomeini proposing a rapid settlement of the hostage issue. But, says Farhang, no sooner had Rajai returned to Teheran than he calmed down. Someone in Khomeini's entourage had informed him that he needn't worry about this matter. One can infer that a deal had been done. Whoever had done that deal, it was not the elected President of the United States. As Capt. Gary Sick, the National Security Council's expert on Iran during the relevant period, details in his book *All Fall Down*, Carter still expected a breakthrough as late as Sunday, November 2, two days before the election. Sick writes:

> President Carter said that he found the dual-track approach attractive, i.e., keeping his public statement brief and essentially positive while informing the Iranians privately of the limits on U.S. actions. That avoided the risk of provoking an instant rejection from Iran while keeping U.S. options open for serious private negotiations. He noted that the media were interpreting the Iranian action as a transparent attempt to interfere in U.S. domestic politics. He wanted a clear statement that the Iranians would get no better deal before the election than after and that we rejected any such interference.

"No better deal before the election than after." What about a better deal after the election than before? We now know that among the senior Reagan staff members who met with the Iranians in October 1980 was Richard Allen [see "Minority Report," June 20 and July 4/11]. On *The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour* for November 7, 1986, Richard Allen recalled an incident that occurred the day after Reagan's first inauguration. As national security adviser, Allen had told the President that he had just heard of a "fifty-third hostage." This was an American journalist named Cynthia Dwyer. She had been taken hostage in May 1980 and apparently had been retained as some kind of crude insurance. On hearing of this woman and her plight, said Allen to his millions of viewers, Reagan said, "Get the word out that the deal's off" unless Dwyer was released.

Now, what deal was that? All aspects of the Carter-Khomeini deal had been concluded. The fifty-two hostages had been released, and billions of dollars in frozen Iranian assets had been electronically deposited in return. There was, officially, no further leverage at U.S. disposal. To call off a deal would be to call off a deal between the Ayatollah and Reagan. The almost instant shipment of high-grade U.S. weapons to Iran after the release of Cynthia Dwyer, in February 1981, indicates what the shape of that deal must have been.

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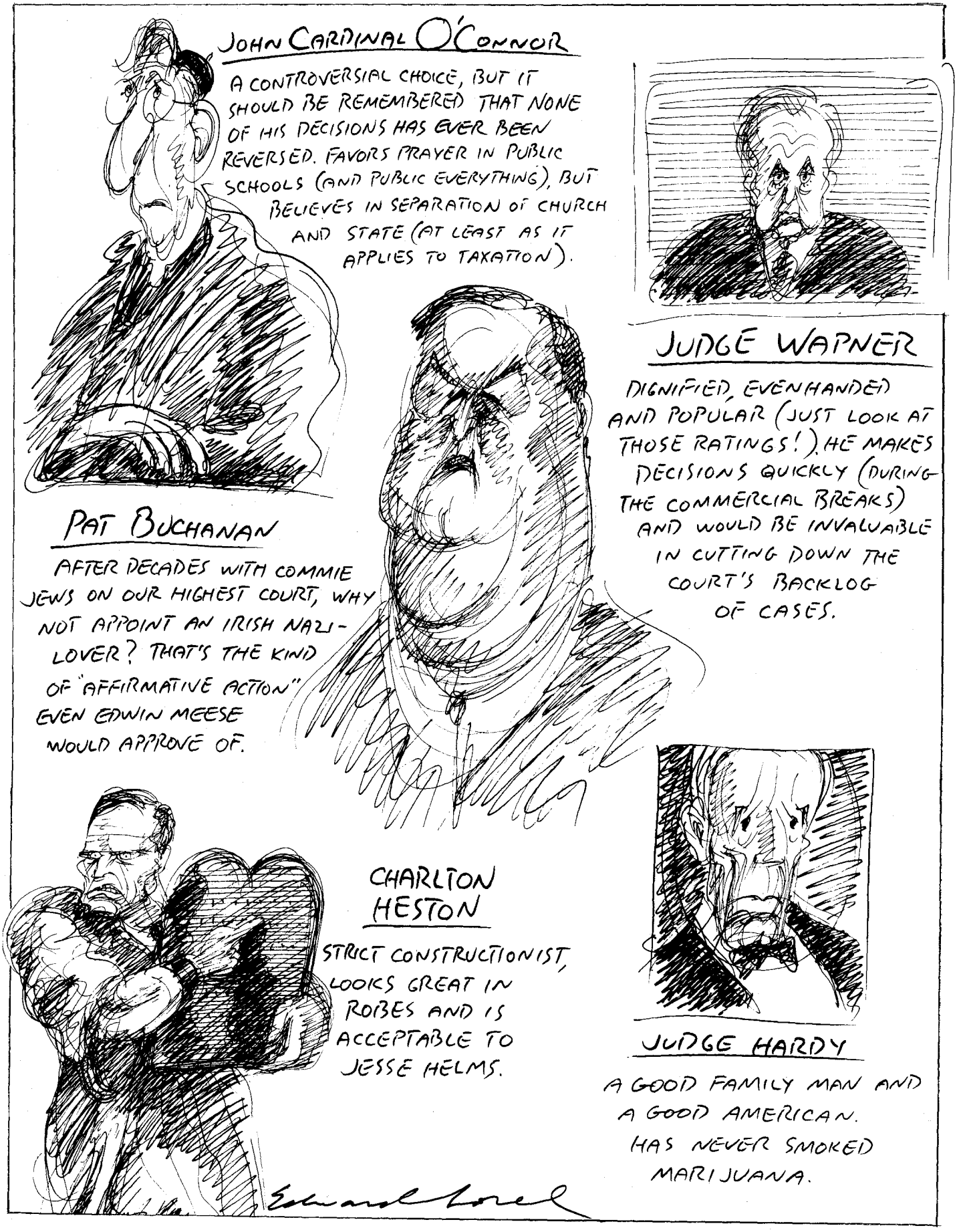
Supreme Choices (If Kennedy Flops)

EDWARD SOREL


JOHN CARDINAL O'CONNOR
A CONTROVERSIAL CHOICE, BUT IT SHOULD BE REMEMBERED THAT NONE OF HIS DECISIONS HAS EVER BEEN REVERSED. FAVORS PRAYER IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS (AND PUBLIC EVERYTHING), BUT BELIEVES IN SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE (AT LEAST AS IT APPLIES TO TAXATION).
JUDGE WAPNER
DIGNIFIED, EVENHANDED AND POPULAR (JUST LOOK AT THOSE RATINGS!). HE MAKES DECISIONS QUICKLY (DURING THE COMMERCIAL BREAKS) AND WOULD BE INVALUABLE IN CUTTING DOWN THE COURT'S BACKLOG OF CASES.
PAT BUCHANAN
AFTER DECADES WITH COMMIE JEWS ON OUR HIGHEST COURT, WHY NOT APPOINT AN IRISH NAZI-LOVER? THAT'S THE KIND OF "AFFIRMATIVE ACTION" EVEN EDWIN MEESE WOULD APPROVE OF.
CHARLTON HESTON
STRICT CONSTRUCTIONIST, LOOKS GREAT IN ROBES AND IS ACCEPTABLE TO JESSE HELMS.
JUDGE HARDY
A GOOD FAMILY MAN AND A GOOD AMERICAN. HAS NEVER SMOKED MARIJUANA.
Edward Sorel

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ARTICLES.

THE CASE OF NORMAN DAVIES

When Historians Judge Their Own

JON WIENER

As this article went to press, a British historian of Poland planned to file a lawsuit against Stanford University, charging that its decision not to appoint him to a tenured professorship was an act of political discrimination. Norman Davies, a historian at the University of London, had accepted a visiting professorship at Stanford for 1986 after being assured that the department would vote him a $70,000-a-year chair in Eastern European history after his arrival. But according to Davies's attorney, former Representative Pete McCloskey, at the department meeting where his reappointment was discussed, "six Jewish professors . . . stood up and castigated a single chapter" of Davies's book *God's Playground: A History of Poland*—the chapter on Poland's Jews.

The historians' religion is relevant, Davies says, because they claimed he distorted the history of Poland, was insensitive to the Jews and was an apologist for the Poles' conduct during the Holocaust. These criticisms, the prospective suit argues, were false and derogatory and implied that Davies was anti-Semitic—and thus unqualified for work as a historian because he was unprofessional and biased. The suit also will argue that Davies was the victim of discrimination, as his employer intended to control expression of his political views (a violation of the state labor code).

Davies's original suit, filed in May 1986, named not only Stanford University as a defendant but individual historians who, he argued, had defamed him (Harold Kahn, a specialist in Chinese history; Paul Robinson, department chair at the time Davies was turned down; Alexander Dallin, a historian of Russia); Jon Adelstein, a graduate student who wrote a letter to *The Stanford Daily* criticizing Davies's work; several administrators; and twenty-nine additional "John Does"—Stanford historians and others who, in Davies's view, had defamed him at the confidential department meeting but whose identity has been concealed. The original suit sought to collect damages from Professors Kahn, Robinson and Dallin and graduate student Adelstein as individuals, "based upon their respective net worths." His original suit was dismissed; his planned amended complaint will drop the defamation charge against individuals but reassert the discrimination charges against Stanford.

Davies's suit also charges Stanford with "negligent infliction of emotional distress," for which Davies seeks $3 million in damages. He cites specific acts—for example, Stanford vice president John Schwartz said there was "no merit to . . . the pernicious notion that if one's work is not deemed sufficient to merit appointment, one is defamed"—that inflicted $3 million worth of emotional distress on him. Moreover, Davies's suit will charge that the defendants "met secretly and conspired among themselves" to "cause plaintiff severe emotional distress." Finally, Davies's suit will claim that, when Stanford turned him down for a job, he incurred "damage to his reputation in the sum of $3 million." He also intends to seek triple punitive damages—$9 million—plus attorneys' fees for what he claims to have suffered.

Davies's claim that Stanford discriminated against him with the intent of controlling expression of his political views is more interesting. "The issue is very simple," McCloskey said. "Was he turned down because of his scholarship or because of his political views?" That indeed is the question. It would be wrong for Stanford to refuse to hire Davies on the ground that he advocated a political position, because advocacy is protected absolutely by the First Amendment. Stanford must evaluate his scholarly work, not his politics.

Stanford insists its objection was not to Davies's advocacy of any political position. Provost James Rosse gave Stanford's official reasons for not hiring Davies in a seven-page, single-spaced letter: *God's Playground* crossed the line between scholarship and advocacy; as a result Davies's scholarly work had a "lack of objectivity," was "insufficiently analytical and tends to substitute rhetoric and irony for clear historical analysis and explanation," "lacked analytical rigor" and was "insufficiently critical." Stanford's historians have been instructed by their attorneys not to comment on the case, and none would.

But Davies claims that the official reasons only conceal the true motives of his critics, which were to deny him employment because of his political beliefs and creed. "I've been called anti-Polish by extreme Polish fanatics and anti-Semitic by extreme Zionist fanatics," Davies told me. "I don't take either of those charges seriously." In his original suit he sought to depose history department members to learn what they had said about him at the meeting. A California Superior Court ruled in favor of Davies; the university appealed, contending that the comments Davies alleged had been made about him were matters of opinion and therefore could not be subject to a defamation suit under the First Amendment. The California Court of Appeals agreed in January, ruling that you can't ask professors in court what they've said about one another's academic qualifications when they have been promised confidentiality. Attorney Steve Mayer of the firm Howard, Rice, Nemerovsky, Canady, Robertson and Falk, representing Stanford, called that "a resounding victory for academic freedom."

The American Federation of Teachers and the National Education Association both take a somewhat different position, calling for "open files"—complete disclosure of writ-

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ten materials used in the hiring and promoting of faculty. In a lawsuit unrelated to the one Davies intends to file, the University of California A.F.T. is currently suing the university to open its hiring and promotion files. The American Association of University Professors (A.A.U.P.) takes an alternative stance, holding that written files should be open to candidates only where there is a *prima facie* case of discrimination—and the burden is on the candidate to demonstrate that case. But the A.F.T., the N.E.A. and the A.A.U.P. have never argued, as Davies plans to, that candidates should have a right to question department members under oath regarding their "real" reasons for opposing an appointment. That was an untenable position, and the California court wisely rejected it.

Davies intends to file suit under California's Unruh Civil Rights Act, which prohibits discrimination by an employer based on creed or political orientation. The statute refers to religion and party affiliation; e.g., a Republican boss can't fire workers for being Democrats. But Stanford's attorney Mayer argues that all Stanford did was evaluate Davies's scholarship. The question that must be decided is whether the historical scholarship in *God's Playground* is good enough that discrimination becomes a plausible explanation for Stanford's rejection of him.

Davies is widely recognized as being among the world's leading historians of Poland—although there aren't many others. Almost half the voting members of the Stanford history department (the vote was 12 to 11) concluded that he was qualified for the chair. *God's Playground*, a two-volume work, covers a thousand years of Polish history; it displays impressive breadth and erudition. But his chapters on Jews in Poland during World War II mix a dubious defense of Polish conduct during the Nazi occupation with an intensely anti-Soviet bias and some blame-the-victim arguments about the Holocaust.

Polish anti-Semitism, Davies argues, was not responsible for Auschwitz; the Germans, not the Poles, destroyed Eastern European Jewry. Here Davies is absolutely correct. He has challenged Holocaust historians like Lucy Dawidowicz who see the final solution as the culmination of traditional European anti-Semitism. His criticism is also aimed at Claude Lanzmann, whose film *Shoah* seems to suggest that anti-Semitic Polish peasants had some responsibility for the death camps.

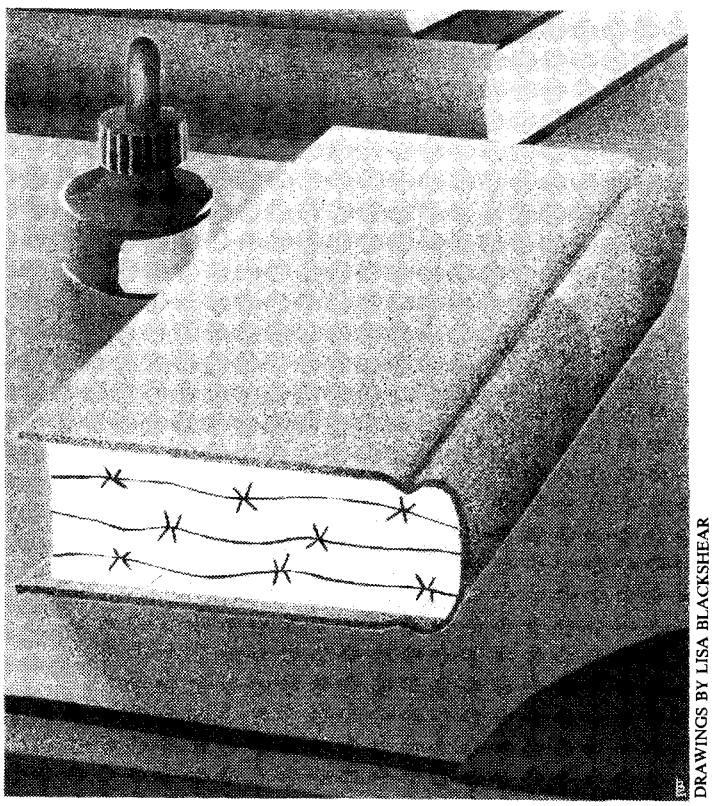
Although Davies is right in portraying the Poles as victims of the Nazis, his presentation of the Polish response to the presence of the death camps in their midst is deeply misleading. "To ask why the Poles did little to help the Jews," he writes, "is rather like asking why the Jews did nothing to assist the Poles." Well, let's ask what the Poles could have done to help the Jews. They could have saved Jews from the death camps by hiding them or providing them with forged documents. During the liquidation of the Warsaw ghetto, the forty-six days in the summer of 1942 during which 75 percent of the 350,000 ghetto residents were put on trains to Treblinka, Poles could have cut the rail line. They could have supported the resistance movement in the ghettos by providing arms. They could have welcomed Jews into partisan units. They did none of these things.

Were the Poles capable of taking any of these actions? Davies argues that Nazi oppression made Poles helpless, as helpless as the Jews. He's right that Poles who helped Jews faced more risks than did non-Jews in the other Nazi-occupied countries. The only people deported from Nazi-occupied Poland to concentration camps in Germany between 1939 and 1941 were Poles, not Jews. And the Poles were subject to conscription by the Nazis for forced labor. Poles could be deported to concentration camps for concealing Jews and, beginning in late 1942, could be executed for it.

But of course the Poles were not as helpless as the Jews. The Germans were tougher on Poland than on other occupied countries in part because the Poles had more ability to fight back. The Polish underground, the largest in Europe, was a well-organized force of 400,000 armed men who operated throughout the country. Poland's extensive forests provided excellent cover for guerrilla warfare. And the Poles had one additional reason to help the Jews—they were the first to learn the true purpose of the Nazi deportation of Jews.

Of course, some Poles did help Jews. As many as 20,000 Jews were in hiding in Warsaw outside the ghetto in 1942, according to Yisrael Gutman, a historian of Warsaw's Jews, and that was 5 percent of Warsaw's Jewish population. They could not have avoided the Polish bounty hunters and extortionists without help from Poles, who were risking their lives. These Poles included intellectuals, devout Catholics and ordinary townspeople. Polish Communists, during the liquidation of the Warsaw ghetto, called on Poles to aid and conceal Jews who escaped. But these were exceptions to the general pattern.

The Polish underground did not appeal to the Polish people



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to help Jews escape. It never adequately supported the resistance movement in the Warsaw ghetto. But the Warsaw ghetto uprising was the first armed, organized resistance to the Nazi occupiers; up to that point the Polish underground had done nothing. The revolt demonstrated that resistance was possible; it undermined the prestige and confidence of the Germans and impressed the Poles. It was in the interest of the Polish underground that the ghetto revolt survive as long as possible and take as great a toll of Nazi soldiers as possible.

Davies denies that the failure of the Polish underground to support the uprising was an expression of Polish anti-Semitism. Writing in *The New York Review of Books*, he quoted a prominent Jewish survivor of the uprising, Marek Edelman, as describing the Poles as "a tolerant people." At the time Davies's article was published, Edelman's interview was available only in Polish, but it has since been translated. After the uprising, Edelman said, he escaped to the forests, where he was imprisoned by the Polish Underground Home Army, the A.K. "The A.K. tried to have me executed, because being a Jew was a mistake." He went on to tell his interviewers, "Don't listen to me telling you such disgusting stories. They're not fit to print. Because, as you well know, the Polish people are very tolerant. Nothing bad ever happened here to national minorities." Thus Davies's evidence that the Polish people are very "tolerant" in fact supports what one might call a different interpretation.

Polish anti-Semitism was a Zionist myth, Davies argues, "a necessary instrument in the hands of the Zionist movement for persuading the Jewish masses to leave Poland for Palestine." But the evidence of anti-Semitism in Nazi-occupied Poland is overwhelming. On the streets of Warsaw, Gutman reports, "the attacks by individuals and gangs of Poles on Jewish passersby and apartment houses . . . took on the proportions of a wave of pogroms." For example, an eyewitness reported that a thousand Polish hoodlums engaged in a weeklong attack on the Jews of Warsaw during Passover in 1940.

Davies concedes that some Poles were anti-Semitic after 1939 but explains that they had been aroused by the Jews' welcoming of the Soviet occupation that year. In response to Jews who charge the Poles of complicity with the Nazis, Davies refers to "the complicity of many Jews with the Soviet invaders." Thus Jewish conduct was responsible for "the marked increase in anti-Semitism in occupied Poland," and it is the Jews' own fault that the Poles didn't help them when the Nazis came. This argument appeared in, of all places, *The New York Review of Books*.

But when Polish Jews welcomed the Soviet occupation, it was not out of a desire to see Poland destroyed; it was out of the knowledge that the Red Army alone had the power to stop the Nazis and thus protect them. The Jews who welcomed the Russians were left-wing but not anti-Polish—they were anti-German and anti-Fascist. In part, the validity of Davies's argument about Jewish complicity with the Russians depends on one's assessment of Soviet policy in occupied Poland between 1939 and 1941. Davies warns readers not to "isolate the crimes of the Nazis from the parallel crimes of the Soviets, which were committed on an even grander scale and often on the self-same territories." Stalin's crimes against the Poles, Davies argues, consist of the deportation of 1.5 million Polish citizens to Russia between 1939 and 1941, half of whom, he estimates, died. Davies concludes that "Stalin was outpacing Hitler in his desire to reduce the Poles to the condition of a slave-nation." And, Davies argues, Poland's Jews helped Stalin enslave the Poles.

Davies's numbers seem to be exaggerated; a recent scholarly study reports the number of Polish deportees to be not 1.5 million but 880,000, half of whom were released in a 1941 Soviet amnesty. But the numbers game avoids the real question: Was Soviet policy in Poland "parallel" to the Nazis' crime? The Nazis' crime was genocide; Stalin was seeking not to kill all the Poles but rather to prepare for the anticipated Nazi invasion of Russia.

The Russians did deport hundreds of thousands of Poles to atrocious camps, having identified them as potentially pro-Nazi and on a strategic frontier. This Soviet policy was terrible for the Poles who were deported, but it was not a policy of extermination of the Polish people. The Russians deported nearly a million Poles, but they left 19 million behind. Half a million Poles died in Soviet camps, but six million Poles died in Nazi camps. The Russians did not commit crimes against the Poles "on an even grander scale" than the Nazis.

In Nazi-occupied Eastern Europe, there was one ghetto resistance movement that achieved significantly more than the others: Minsk's. The key to its successes, as Reuben Ainszstein has shown in his monumental book *Jewish*

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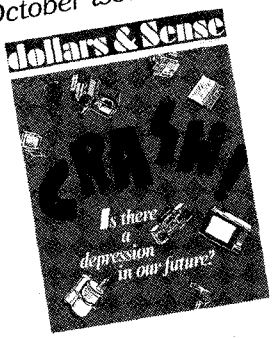

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Resistance in Nazi-Occupied Eastern Europe, was that the non-Jews provided more support for the ghetto fighters of Minsk than did their counterparts elsewhere. What made Minsk different? It was in Byelorussia, not Poland.

Davies's attorney, McCloskey, argues that Davies is not anti-Semitic. "I submitted the key chapter of his book to a noted Jewish psychologist and his wife," he told me. "They tested it according to a technique of determining prejudice by evaluating adjectives. They found Davies applied equal numbers of laudatory and unfavorable adjectives to both Jews and Poles. I'm hoping to use them as expert witnesses." The idea that anti-Semitism exists in adjectives but not in historical arguments is, one might say, unconvincing.

Davies's claim that he is the victim of political discrimination echoes arguments made by radical scholars denied jobs or tenure. Since all scholarship has a political dimension, does that mean defenders of radicals like David Abraham [see Wiener, "Footnotes to History," *The Nation*, February 16, 1985] ought to defend Norman Davies? Political issues certainly play a part in the Davies case; if no one cared about what happened to Jews in occupied Poland, no one would read Davies's chapter on the subject and find its faults. The left argues that academic hiring and firing should be based not on a candidate's politics but rather on the intellectual quality of his or her work; good historians who are radicals should not be denied jobs. But who decides what constitutes good history? Other historians and intellectuals. Judging the intellectual quality of scholarship, particularly in matters of interpretation, is highly subjective and open to prejudice, error and injustice. People disagree and argue. But there's no other way to decide; evaluating the quality of scholarship is what intellectuals do.

The objections to Davies concern the quality of his work as a historian. He distorts evidence to fit his conclusions (e.g., the Edelman quote), he ignores evidence that disproves his arguments, and his thesis that Poles were as helpless as Jews under the Nazi occupation is simply untenable. There comes a point when a faulty interpretation is the equivalent of bad scholarship, and I believe that Davies's work passes that point. Thus, Stanford is not engaging in political discrimination by not hiring Davies. The historians who voted against him were fulfilling their responsibilities as intellectuals. □

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WORKERS AND THE PRESS

The Vanishing Labor Beat

JO-ANN MORT

Reporters who cover the national labor movement have become an endangered species; a list of them wouldn't fill a page. New York City's *Daily News*, which is read every day by more union members than any other newspaper in the country, has no full-time labor writer. And *The New York Times*, once home to the legendary A.H. (Abe) Raskin, had no reporter on the beat for close to a year.

A spokesperson for *The Times* told me that during that period several reporters—in business, metro, politics and other beats—shared the responsibility for labor coverage. Without a reporter tracking a daily labor beat, most of *The Times*'s coverage fell to the business section. While there have been several notable recent articles—on industrial injuries and safety enforcement by the Occupational Safety and Health Administration—in the Sunday Business section, these didn't fill the gap. (As *The Nation* went to press, I learned that *The Times* had just appointed Kenneth Noble as its national labor reporter.)

The Times was not alone. In the past several years, newspaper coverage of the labor movement has been increasingly assigned to business desks, while workplace issues surface in life style sections—assuring that the workplaces covered will be fairly upscale. In smaller media markets (outside of New York, Washington, Los Angeles and Chicago), labor is usually covered by the city desk, where reporters respond to plant closings and to other issues that directly affect the life of the community. At only a few papers is labor still considered a beat by itself, like education or religion. And reporters at several papers told me that labor is not a beat that leads to promotions.

Among the major dailies, the *Los Angeles Times* and *The Washington Post* stand out for their labor coverage. But while the general media pay less attention to organized labor, some of the most thorough treatment is found in the pages of *The Wall Street Journal* and *Business Week*. (Business reporters acknowledge that the coverage of labor is critical to thorough business reporting.) The best labor coverage ranges from the business press to the left press like *In These Times* (several of the reporters I interviewed had high praise for David Moberg), *The Nation* and *Dissent*. Both National Public Radio and *The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour* have paid more attention to working people than have the print media generally. But while television occasionally highlights a steel town's devastation, for the most

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part the electronic media cover labor only to alert the public to potentially inconvenient strikes.

Veteran Abe Raskin laments: "Regrettably, editors have decided that the labor beat is no longer news. It used to be unthinkable when a first-class paper wouldn't have one or more labor reporters. This is a grim commentary on the discernment of editors. And the notion that any good reporter can pick up a labor story is nonsensical, as with any other field."

Henry Weinstein, one of two labor reporters at the *Los Angeles Times*, elaborates: "Our basic economy is undergoing a fundamental transformation from an industrial to a service base, causing shake-outs in people's lives. The shape of who the work force is has changed. Businesses and unions are reorganizing workplaces. You can cover some of this incrementally, but the notion that you can parcel this out and get the job done is unwarranted. Whereas large papers like the *Los Angeles Times*, *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* have twenty-five to thirty-five reporters covering business and at the most one person covering labor, if you look at labor in its broadest form, you might need even a half-dozen labor writers."

What accounts for this situation? The assignment editors and reporters to whom I put this question uniformly responded that organized labor is in decline and is no longer a story. Some of them replied, "Sure, we cover labor—the teamsters and the Newspaper Guild." In fact, unlike other major papers, *The New York Times* had no reporter assigned to the recent American Federation of Labor-Congress of Industrial Organizations convention until the reaffiliation of the teamsters emerged as an issue, just days before the convention was to begin. Corruption is worth paying attention to, apparently, and so is self-interest. (So is glamour and big money; possible strikes by Hollywood directors and screenwriters are well reported, and shortly before this writing, the National Football League Players Association strike was getting extensive coverage.) Yet, the perception that labor is on the wane is a "misreading of history and reality," according to Raskin.

During the early days of the C.I.O., constant confrontation made for for easily identifiable, colorful stories. Even then, there was no golden age of labor coverage. On many papers, labor reporting used to mean covering the A.F.L.-C.I.O. Executive Council or the activities of that body's president. As long ago as 1963, the Secretary of Labor, Willard Wirtz, lambasted newspaper editors: "I count it a matter of serious concern that the public receives in the press what is, in my view of it, a seriously distorted picture of American labor and labor relations."

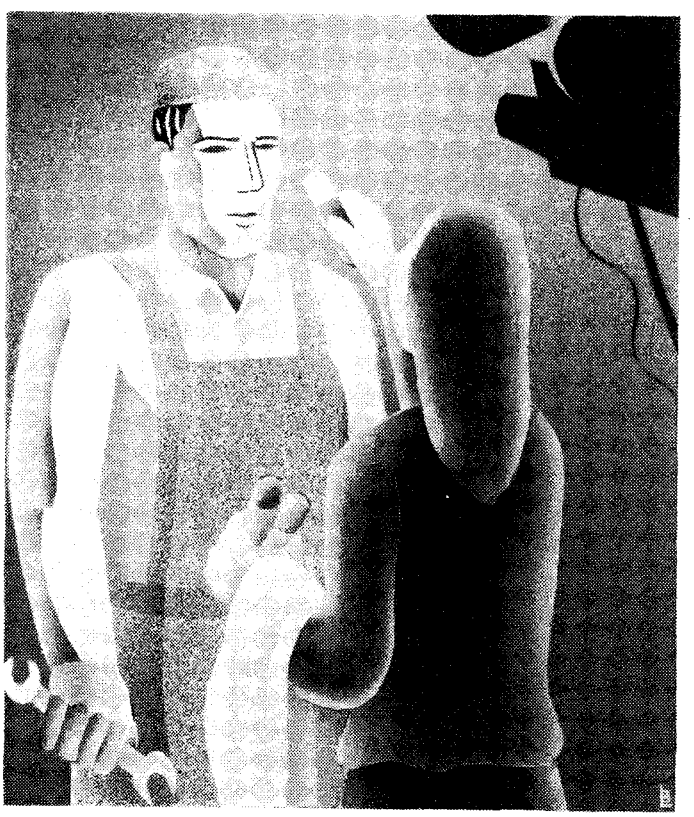
Inadequate as labor reporting may once have been, there's even less of it now. Michael Hoyt posed the general question several years ago in the *Columbia Journalism Review*: "If union power is declining, what is taking its place?"

There are several answers to that question. Ken Crowe of *Newsday*, one of the few full-time labor reporters in the country, observes: "My reporting over the years has dealt with the state of siege in which organized labor finds itself, a state of siege reflected in shrinking membership lists, in losses at the bargaining tables and in difficulties in organizing new members in the face of determinedly antiunion employers."

Workers displaced by plant closings, those suffering from work-related health problems and injuries, those in need of retraining—all represent potential stories. Finding them, however, may take some ingenuity. "When a man is having troubles at home because he's out of work or has an occupational illness, he doesn't write up a press release and send it to the nearest city editor," wrote Joe Hill, a pseudonymous labor reporter in the now-defunct *Working Papers*.

In cities like Detroit and Pittsburgh, industrial decline has been extremely visible and has therefore been covered in some depth. But elsewhere it is a less obvious story. Michael Oreskes, the former labor editor of the *Daily News* (he left in 1980) who now occasionally covers labor for *The New York Times*, says, "The decline of jobs in New York, a city which has lost a higher percentage of industrial jobs than has the whole country in the last few years, has been little noticed by the press. Yet, how do you cover fifty plants of fifty people each closing down? Stories become economic trend stories instead of stories evoking the human impact of economic dislocation."

There are also upbeat labor stories. In fact, last year more than 70,000 women joined unions. Recently several unions, including the International Association of Machinists, the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union and the Communications Workers of America, have committed more financial resources to organizing. Public-sector unions continue to grow. Because many of the newest members are women or members of minority groups, however, they tend to remain invisible to the mainstream press.



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Part of the problem may lie in the inexperience of the young reporters who are now assigned to cover labor. Reporters just off the city desk or out of journalism school tend to be less knowledgeable than they should be. The public relations director at one industrial union complained to me that his department dubbed the briefing session during recent negotiations "bringing up baby." He said that every time he finished breaking in a new group of reporters, they were pulled off the labor desk and given more prestigious beats, since labor is often seen as a temporary assignment.

Similarly, David Kusnet, who worked in public relations at the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees for Jerry Wurf—one of the more colorful leaders produced by the contemporary labor movement—said that during AFSCME contract negotiations, he had to explain even the most basic things to the press. "You couldn't assume that the reporters had the minimum knowledge when briefing them, as you would assume reporters to have covering other topics. We started with the A-B-Cs, like what's a union negotiation." United Auto Workers public relations director Peter Laarman expressed a similar view. He said reporters understand the "culture" of the big three auto makers but not the "inside workings of the union."

It's likely that both reporters and editors today have less knowledge or understanding of the labor movement than did the previous generation because fewer newspaper people are coming out of union homes. Several reporters told me that assignment editors are more willing to dismiss labor stories as unimportant. Many young reporters themselves, who are liberal on a wide range of social issues, are disdainful of the labor movement.

Strikes are still a focus of labor coverage, to a certain extent. But strike stories now tend to highlight consumer inconvenience rather than the disputed issues. Television coverage is notorious in this regard. If a strike has no visual impact it's less likely to get a mention on the evening news. On the first day of the strike of American Telephone & Telegraph employees during the summer of 1986, for example, *The New York Times* featured an article on the difficulties encountered by managers who were handling the phone switching equipment. It assured consumers that they would experience no interruption in service. Later that summer, USX (formerly U.S. Steel) locked out its workers. Most papers didn't mention the strike except on their business pages, where the discussion centered on the problems of the company. *The Wall Street Journal*, a notable exception, ran a series on the steelworkers and their falling standard of living.

Another factor in the decline of strike coverage is company advertising revenue. A recent strike of supermarket workers in Kansas City, Missouri, for example, received almost no media attention, in deference to supermarket advertisers, until the union and the city's central labor body brought actor Ed Asner and activist Michael Harrington to a midday picket line.

Again, the question must be, Why? Part of the answer is the general political climate. It's become acceptable to bust unions; workers aren't sexy copy; strikes are assumed lost even as they begin. But it is also the case that, in many instances, labor has been less than aggressive in getting its story out.

Historically, unions have mistrusted the press. While this attitude is understandable, it can be self-defeating. For example, last year in Rumford, Maine, members of the United Paperworkers International Union struck for almost three months. The strike not only tore apart the small town but it engaged the interest of the state's political leaders, who feared for the future of Maine's paper industry. It was an intriguing story. But a reporter for a progressive weekly, *The Maine Times*, complained to me that he couldn't get the union to respond to his queries. Management, on the other hand, had public relations officers at the plant twenty-four hours a day. Compare this to the strike by local P-9 of the United Food and Commercial Workers in Austin, Minnesota, last year. There, with the help of a sophisticated public relations effort, union dissidents were able to make the entire national press pay attention.

Many public relations operations have, in the past, not been integral to the workings of the union. Today, however, most major unions not only have public relations departments but are beginning to use video and other sophisticated methods to get their message across. A few are beginning to teach union staff and the rank and file some public relations skills. The Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union, for instance, has begun training business agents and other field staff in general public relations practices aimed toward improved community relations, especially in cases of strikes and plant closings.

Still, when unions prepare for strikes, they rarely brief their members on how to use the media to gain community support. This is a mistake—members are the unions' most powerful weapon. Leaders should make members available to tell their stories to the press. In addition, unions generally tend to be timid in responding to editorial attack in the press. And union strike leaflets are often produced without careful attention to making them attractive or persuasive.

This is not to say there hasn't been a shift in the past few years, as unions take their public relations efforts more seriously. The A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Labor Institute of Public Affairs has just been allocated $13 million to coordinate a national media effort. This is a small step in the right direction. Still, as the *Los Angeles Times*'s Henry Weinstein says: "The labor movement doesn't have a pro-active media strategy. . . . Media relations needs to be approached just as systematically as a collective bargaining strategy."

Of course, if the unions begin to organize new workers and take the offensive against corporate America's tactics, the press will pay some attention. Efforts like the April 25 march against U.S. intervention in Central America (in which several unions played a key role), for example, show the press the power of labor—as do inventive responses to plant closings, buy-outs and other company ploys.

Once, labor beats yielded some of the most gifted journalists in the country. Perhaps such writers can be identified again, while at the same time the labor movement struggles to redefine itself in a changing economy and world. □

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A Nation Institute/American Civil Liberties Union Town Meeting

THE IRAN/CONTRA CONSTITUTIONAL CRISIS: What It Means and What Ought To Be Done

Monday, November 16th at 8PM

REPRESENTATIVE JOHN CONYERS JR.

(Democrat Michigan) Chair, House Judiciary Subcommittee on Criminal Justice

THE HOUSE-SENATE SELECT COMMITTEES REPORT
(Scheduled to be released three days before this meeting)

RICHARD FALK

Princeton University

THE CORRUPTION OF LAW AND POLICY IN
THE INTERNATIONAL ARENA

MORTON HALPERIN

Director, Washington Office, A.C.L.U.

ARE COVERT ACTIONS COMPATIBLE WITH DEMOCRACY?

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THE CUTTING EDGE

Ill at Ease in The Fourth World

KIRKPATRICK SALE

San Francisco

No, I don't expect you to know anything about the Fourth World movement. No, I can safely report, it has not yet brought about the social readjustments that it seeks, nor does it seem likely to. And I wouldn't bother you with a report on its most recent assembly here in this still-beautiful city except that I felt, after sitting through five days of meetings, that it was somehow symptomatic of many such movements, many such conventions, in ways that seem pertinent to consider. And I also felt that it opened me to a few personal conclusions about public politics that might be worth sharing.

The Fourth World movement embodies a way of talking about the empowerment of the "worlds" that exist inside the other three—that is, the local, neighborhood, community and regional units, which want their own autonomy and some sense of sovereignty within nation-states and realize that this cannot be achieved in the massified scale of contemporary political and economic life. Originally, the emphasis was on such separatist movements as the Basques, the Bretons, the Welsh, the Walloons and various American Indian nations, but more recently it has concentrated on affirming simply, in the words of founder John Papworth, "the right of distinct ethnic groupings . . . to rule themselves" and "of rural villages and urban neighorhoods to make their own decisions about their own lives."

Under the Fourth World banner there have been five previous worldwide gatherings—the first in London in 1981, and then Berlin; Larzac, France; Delhi; and Zurich. The movement has attracted several hundred people from all over the world, including a number of luminaries, such as Ivan Illich, Leopold Kohr, Hazel Henderson, Rudolph Bahro, John Seymour, Gwynfor Evans and Peter Berg. Never mind that you haven't heard of all of them—they are luminaries in this small firmament. And the cause has inspired a surprising amount of literature, papers specially written for each assembly, now numbering in the hundreds. (For those interested, there is a headquarters and even a quarterly, *Fourth World Review*, both c/o 24 Abercorn Place, London NW8, England.)

The movement's most recent gathering, the Sixth Assembly of the Fourth World, had as its general theme "Human Scale Solutions to the Global Crisis." I would guess that there were more than a hundred people who wandered in and out, and a hard core of seventy-five or so who participated in the special forums, plenaries and strategy sessions that marked the weeklong event.

Sitting there in one of the morning sessions on the assembly's third day, I began to wonder why people *do* these things. What on earth do we expect to accomplish, putting fourscore people from around the world in a building on San Francisco Bay and having them sit around and talk for a week? What could one expect, at the very best?

A document that would be Distilled Truth and Annealed Wisdom that would once and for all say what the problems of the modern age really are and how to come up with solutions for them? A statement that would be the equivalent of a Declaration of Independence or a Communist Manifesto, which we would announce to the world and watch people rally around? A sudden pledge by fifty people that they would give up their middle-class lives instantly and go out as full-time Fourth World organizers and travelers?

Oh, sure, there were the usual conference virtues. You meet people who have some new and interesting things to say, or who are especially congenial, or who have some tips on how to do what you are doing; you pick up some literature about an organization you hadn't known about; your own organization gets its pamphlets out and its name abroad, with the attendant feeling of at least minimal accomplishment; you realize you're not alone. But is that really enough to justify such a stressful and expensive process—people coming from as far away as Tokyo and London, not just for this assembly but the dozens like it, the several hundred such meetings that must take place in this country alone in a year, and virtuous all? Or is it rather somehow a confession that we don't really know how to affect the world, that we don't have and can't imagine other kinds of machinery that might achieve serious social change?

Any world that could be changed by a conference is not likely to be the real world; any society that could be so changed is not likely to be worth the effort (since the next meeting could change it all back again). And any organization or movement that cannot contrive a better way to work for change, I came to think, is declaring its own bankruptcy and is probably not worth spending time and money on, however worthy its goals and purposes.

I am not saying I have any special insights into how to effect change. I am pretty sure that most of the obvious ways are certain to fail—national political parties, for example, and armed revolution, and interest-group lobbying—and I know that people like Barry Commoner simply don't understand the nature of the problem when they seriously put forth solutions like the Citizens' Party and the Rainbow Coalition. I am also largely convinced that national (and, even more, international) groupings of any kind are exercises in frustration and failure. Substantive changes can be made to happen only by people working in concert, calculatedly, on a local level (ideally, a bioregional level) to take back power and direction over their lives, with enough other energized local groups working for empowerment at the same time.

And I happen to believe that any movement of that sort

This article is part of a continuing series on new trends and ideas in nontraditional politics.

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can happen only when it is preceded by a pretty profound transformation of values, away from those now associated with massified societies, nation-state bureaucracies, scientific technologies and industrial megasystems—away from, to name a few, the values of patriotism, efficiency, growth, political representation, progress, employment, stewardship, mobility, anonymity, urbanity, exploitation, affluence, luxury, leisure and global cooperation.

Which is why I believe in using such instruments as books and pamphlets and magazines and speeches, inadequate as they are, to try to achieve social change, and hope that somehow there are still—am I dreaming?—people capable of reading, listening, thinking and of changing values. And which is why I am inclined to think that the whole package of alternative tactics—national conventions, computer networks, third parties, membership organizations, electoral campaigns, national marches—is a useless, or at best a cumbersome, expensive, aggravating and inadequate means of affecting any large number of people.

Of course I would not say that I am sure writing and speaking—or, similarly, dancing, acting, singing or building local models—are the guaranteed path to political and social change. It is my firm conviction, though, after yet another conference, that only in such efforts, given the way the world is now, is there any reasonable hope.

A further thought came to me on the final day of the gathering. And that had to do with the nature of the values we might put out as a counterpoise to the industrial values with which we are inundated.

That day I looked around the room and, having met a good percentage of the people there, I realized that, even among that narrow band attracted to the Fourth World banner, there was not all that much agreement on the kinds of values we held important or the means by which to transmit them. And thinking back over any number of conferences and meetings and congresses I've been to in the last decade or so—sponsored by the New World Alliance, the Schumacher Society, the Green movement, the North American Bioregional Congress, the National Association of Neighborhoods and Community Service, for example, plus others on alternative technology, peace and security, community economics, workplace democracy, producer cooperatives and state and local politics—I began to realize how few of them ever attracted a body of *truly* like-minded people, who really shared the same values and assumptions and goals in any more than the most superficial and knee-jerk way.

In the Fourth World assembly there were people—I know, I talked to them—who believe in capitalist entrepreneurialism and in socialist ownership, in national presidential politics and in individual anarchism, in bioregional sovereignty and in world government, in computer technology and in luddism, in land ownership by individuals and in land trusts by communities and in the illegitimacy of land ownership at all. And there was a similarly confusing pantheon of heroes—E.F. Schumacher, Henry George, Ralph Borsodi, Mahatma Gandhi, Buckminster Fuller, Erik Dammann, Karl Marx, among others—most of whom would have disagreed on fundamentals, some of whom held absolutely irreconcilable beliefs.

In one of the meetings I facilitated, for example, we had fifteen persons with what turned out to be fifteen quite different, and in crucial ways opposing, ideas about politics. One participant was sure there is such a thing as "objective justice" and, once determined, it should be forced on the rest of society; another argued, rather, that each community and perhaps each individual had to decide what justice entails, and such diversity should be encouraged rather than curtailed. One attendee believed that means had to be found to distribute the fruits of modern technology equally to all citizens; others were leery of any such intrusive institution, some arguing that "equality" was a slippery if not meaningless idea and one opposed to all that modern technology stood for.

What were we doing in the same room, much less assuming we belonged at the same conference?

The answer, I realized, is that once again we all had been attracted by one or other small part of, or single participant in, what *we* thought the organization was all about. "The Fourth World" could mean almost anything to progressives, and so could its watchwords like "human scale," "neighborhood power," "small nations," "a new economy" and "social transformation." Each person there had felt one part of the animal—perhaps a few had touched several parts—and on that basis decided what it was. And then they came together, saddled it up and proceeded to ride it off in all directions.

It was entirely specious and foolishly technological, but on the last day I could not refrain from doodling myself a picture of a portal like those you have to go through at airports, labeled "FOURTH WORLD DETECTOR." I was

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wishing, and not for the first time, that there was some way that the dozens of people who gather in such a room could agree on basic principles and strategies before they get together, rather than waste everyone's time thrashing out the political givens all over again—in effect, reinventing the wheel—and seeking a lowest-common-denominator flag that we can all salute.

But of course one then comes to understand that if you do have those common principles and strategies, you don't have any reason to be at a conference in the first place—at least not this kind of conference. I was propelled to one final thought of this gathering, and it follows simply from the others. I decided that from now on, I want to work only with those people who share a deep and operating conviction about the sacredness of the earth, the primacy of natural regions and natural rhythms and the need for human arrangements to fit themselves into, rather than to exert their control over, those regions and rhythms.

On the first day of the assembly, I met a man who said he was going to try to raise money for a team of trained travelers who would spread "the Green message" and "bioregional ideas" around the country, organizing local groups around them. I asked him what he meant by "Green" and "bioregional"—and believe me, I've heard enough answers to know there isn't much agreement there—and his answer surprised me: "I guess the simplest way to say it is 'biocentric.' If they're biocentric, and understand the primacy of the earth and what's wrong with the anthropocentric approach, then I'd count them as Green."

For me, that seems an excellent way of putting it. I suppose there might be room for argument as to what that word "biocentric" means, and no doubt nuances and distinctions will be discovered as time goes on. But for the moment I'm prepared to say that those who seem to understand the crucial distinction between biocentric and anthropocentric—between values that put the earth systems and their restoration first and those making humans and their wishes supreme and decisive—and who declare themselves for the former, are certainly walking in the same direction I am.

From my sense of this assembly of the Fourth World—although I saw a half-dozen such-minded people this week—most of those who gathered are not congenial to that concept, nor would have been the general run of those attending the previous assemblies. I'm not sure what does provide the common ground, but it's pretty clear that the waters of biocentrism do not yet run through it.

And so I am left after all of this with two firm convictions. Put simply, I believe that the time has come for us to rethink those organizations that still choose to operate by global conference and national assembly, particularly when their fuzziness of purpose and lack of common principle permits them to accept in their tent anyone with the price of admission. And I believe that the time has come for us to strive for that clarity of principle that can carefully define, and thereby energize, the groups we belong to and the causes for which they stand.

For my own part, I think I see how to work this through. And I know that I'm going to spend a lot less time and a lot less money next year organizing at amorphous meetings and traveling to pointless assemblies. □

Nuke Waste

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

Arkansas Alliance, "to stop a radioactive dump going anywhere in this five-state area."

The outrage in the heartland is not based on hypothetical fears about the dangers of radioactivity. Since 1962 six commercial "low-level disposal" facilities have been built in the United States. Three were shut down after plutonium and other materials leaked into local groundwater, and monumental cleanups are ongoing in Illinois, Kentucky and New York. A fourth site, in South Carolina, has also begun to leak. Only dumps located in the deserts of Nevada and Washington have avoided this situation. And, despite tougher Nuclear Regulatory Commission restrictions that prohibit the original "shallow land burial" method, which allowed private developers simply to toss waste-filled fifty-five-gallon barrels into landfill trenches, confidence in the nuclear garbage industry is not exactly strong. What is more, many activists and scientists question the government's definition of "low-level" waste. The N.R.C. places nearly everything but the spent fuel rods from reactor cores in the low-level waste category. That includes such common elements as cesium 137 and strontium 90, both with hazardous life spans of around 300 years. In the case of iodine 129, it's hundreds of millions of years.

Soon after the Three Mile Island accident, with its accompanying profusion of waste, the three states where low-level dumps remained operational threatened not to accept any more. This led Congress to pass a law, hastily pushed through by South Carolina Senator Strom Thurmond on the final day of the 1980 session, requiring that every state come up with a way to deal with the problem. To avoid a proliferation of sites, Congress urged the states to form regional compacts whose powers would supersede individual state laws. Any state choosing to go it alone, the Federal government warned, could be forced by Congress to accept waste from others under the Constitution's commerce clause (a dubious argument). At any rate, most state legislatures approved compact arrangements, generally naming health or environmental agency directors as their commissioners.

Originally, Congress required each compact to have a storage facility ready by 1986. But last year, when it became clear that no state would meet the deadline, the law was amended. Now the compacts are supposed to designate a site by next January that must be prepared, by 1993, to accept all that compact's "low-level" waste for the next thirty years. After that, the idea is that the site would rotate to another state within the compact, notwithstanding that this would contradict the nonproliferation notion.

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As the site selection process has intensified this year, the compact system everywhere has fallen into disarray. North Carolina, chosen first in the Southeast Compact, and Michigan, the initial designee in the Midwest Compact, are now talking about pulling out of the arrangement. Some localities, like the Rocky Mountain region, apparently don't generate enough waste to be enticing to prospective site developers. Texas refused to join a compact at all and New York and Massachusetts never bothered. Increasingly, waste-dump opponents are seeing the whole procedure as an exercise in buck-passing from the nuclear industry to Congress to the states. Hugh Kaufman, a specialist in the Environmental Protection Agency's hazardous waste siting division, told me, "These private waste companies get rich by acting as the intermediaries, transferring financial liability from the generators to the taxpayers wherever they can locate dump sites. And the compact system is a political ruse to deflect the whole thing."

Nowhere has the furor been so great as in the Central Interstate Compact partnership, where seven nuclear reactors (plus Kerr-McGee's uranium processing operation in Oklahoma) create about 90 percent of the region's "low-level" radioactive waste. Kansas, producer of the least waste in the compact, found itself designated for three-quarters of the potential dumping grounds in a $450,000 study the Compact Commission had a New York consulting firm conduct. Many of the sites were pinpointed in places where water tables are as close to the surface as three feet. The same was true for rural areas of Nebraska and Arkansas, next in line of suitability. Only Oklahoma, which the study listed as the smallest waste producer, had no sites named. However, a citizens' probe of Department of Energy records showed the state was actually the biggest waste maker. The study had left out Kerr-McGee, which shipped more waste last year than the other four states combined.

Even the Compact Commission's executive director, Raymond Peery, admitted that the study has serious flaws. But, moving to meet the Federal deadline, in late June the five state commissioners chose US Ecology Inc. to select and begin developing the Central Interstate site. The company's name, its third in its twenty-seven-year existence, is a rather blatant misnomer—US Ecology was responsible for two of the closed dumps and is being sued for $97 million by the state of Illinois because of a site that contaminated groundwater. "They were [chosen] here because they have the 'experience,'" Kansas activist Jeff Dewan noted, "which, if logically extended, means that Al Capone should have been made Attorney General."

Demands to leave the Central Interstate Compact and force the nuclear generators to store their own waste on-site have reached such a pitch that state legislatures can barely cope with the mail and telephone calls. Longtime observers of the nuclear scene such as Diane D'Arrigo of the Nuclear Information and Resource Service in Washington, D.C., say they know of nothing else that's sparked so much grassroots concern. "I went to Nebraska and found two large meeting rooms packed with farmers who'd taken buses for as long as seven hours," she said, "and these are people who never take a day off from work." Minard Hamilton, director of the Radioactive Waste Campaign, believes that plains people have been galvanized by "not only the contamination they know will exist for generations but the fact that they're sick of being lied to about it."

The remarkable turnout in Beloit came about largely through the efforts of Laura Menhusen, a 36-year-old farm wife and mother of two. Along with a chiropractor and a dentist from a nearby community, she set up town meetings all winter across the northern tier of Kansas. She has since abandoned her job with a local Housing and Urban Development office to devote more time to stopping the waste dump; her travel and phone bills are financed through donations. Having recently set up a statewide Kansas Coalition on Nuclear Waste, Menhusen said "this has changed my life. But I feel driven, because we're running out of earth and running out of time, and we are to be held accountable. What are future generations supposed to do?"

Claudia Spener, executive director of an established environmental lobby, the Kansas Natural Resource Council, was amazed at the populist surge. "Many of these are people who've never responded to anything like this in their lives. In part, I think it's because of the farm crisis; this is just the last straw that threatens their existence. But really it's more about the quality of life and people who work with the land seeing it assaulted. It's an affront to rural values and there is almost a religious aspect to it, in that sense."

When representatives of US Ecology made the rounds of the Central States early this summer to explain its development plans and "incentive package," a little of that old-time religion brought a crowd of 4,000 to its feet in Hays, Kansas, in the form of a Woody Guthrie–style song, "Talkin' Rad-Waste Blues," written and sung by Jeff Dewan, a local carpenter and guitarist ("I said, Say, mister, where you from, you must think I'm pretty dumb; that stuff you're peddlin's nuclear trash, and I don't want your cold hard cash"). Radio stations across the state were soon playing the tune, and when the waste company traveled on to western Nebraska the song followed it. Dewan had located a singing counterpart 500 miles away and taught him the song over the phone. There, in the ranching country of Alliance, 200 people refused to let US Ecology make its pitch at a meeting, taking over the microphone while a burly fellow sat front-row center, holding a bucket of tar and feathers.

The Nebraska protests have been organized primarily by the Western Nebraska Resources Council, which was formed four years ago around the issue of uranium mining. Its spearhead is a young beekeeper and health counselor named Sam Welsch. Like Menhusen, he is a neophyte activist. His work, which includes publishing a newsletter, "Nuke News," is funded entirely by individual contributions. (Welsch estimates he's spent about $6,000 fighting the dump over the past ten months.)

In Arkansas, a handful of people who emerged out of a local peace group after Chernobyl to start the Arkansas Alliance are now fully galvanized around the waste battle. Organizer Bob Bland said, "I've been involved in other fights

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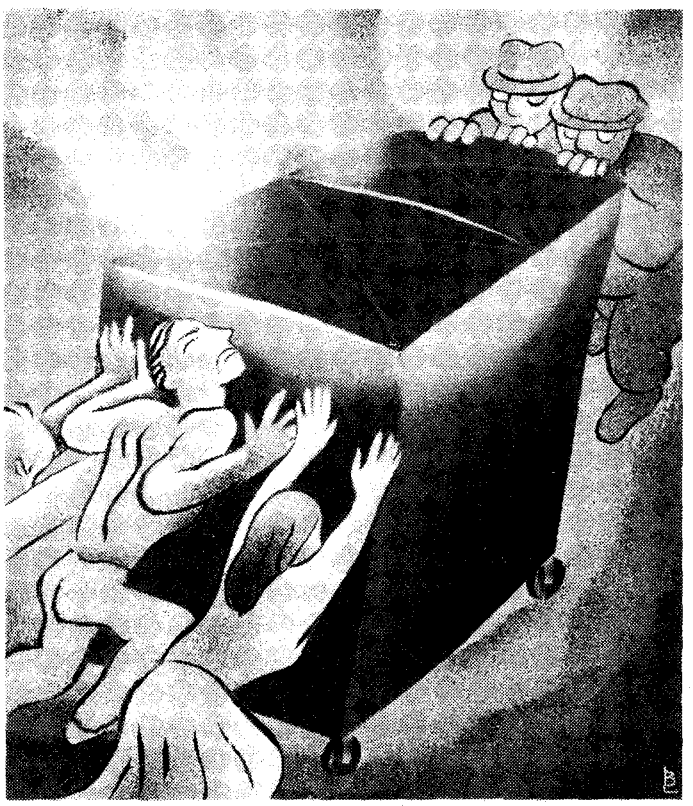
for nearly forty years, protested the Vietnam War from the beginning, but this is the first political protest movement that involves a total cross-section of the community." Along the fifty-mile stretch of Highway 15 that runs through rural southeastern Arkansas, where clay deposits that the compact study said could accommodate a dump exist, more than fifty large, lighted signs line the sides of the road. "We're Fighting Nuclear Waste Dumping, Are You?" "Dump [Governor] Bill Clinton" (who favors staying in the compact) and similar signs are rented by local farmers, who ran the electrical wiring to light them. The farmers are part of a group that meets regularly at the highway's midpoint, Woodlawn School, and its 700 members have now hired a lawyer and even paid for their own hydrogeological study of the local terrain. "They've blanketed the area with T-shirts, baseball caps, buttons," said Bland. "Every kid in school wears a Dumpbuster T-shirt."

There has been very little involvement from the established environmental organizations, with the exception of Sierra Club chapters that have led a smaller antidump campaign in Louisiana and been involved to a degree in Kansas and Nebraska. Part of the reason, Diane D'Arrigo says, is simply the number of nuclear-power-related issues at the moment—safety problems at the plants and the N.R.C.'s avoidance of the subject, renewal of the Price-Anderson Act (which limits the liability of the commercial nuclear industry and the Federal government), the questionable integrity of the D.O.E.'s high-level waste and weapons programs. Adds Minard Hamilton: "The national groups have also been misled by the 'low-level' terminology and don't realize the gravity of the problem."

So it has been left largely to the new visceral-style activists to take on the powers that be, which Bob Bland, for



one, thinks is as it should be. "More important than their education about the dangers of radioactive waste, really, is their education about the political system. We call ourselves the buckle of the Bible Belt down here; it's a very conservative area. But people are seeing the indifference, the manipulation and power-brokering by their political figures, and beginning to realize who controls the economy and the politics of Arkansas. This is the biggest lesson, understanding that they can't depend on the system as it now exists to protect them. They know that nuclear waste is not being fairly addressed in the Legislature, that most elected officials would rather turn their backs on it. So the people are taking to the streets."

Seeking to head off the mounting outcry against the compact plan, the Governors of Kansas, Nebraska and Arkansas met behind closed doors in Little Rock in July. They emerged with a statement about letting "the established process take its course," adding that they wanted final approval over any chosen dump sites. But to their constituents, it seems that the three Governors view the waste issue as a test of their personal abilities to ride out the storm of protest. For example, Governor Clinton proceeded to try appointing a power company executive as Arkansas's new representative to the compact. Clinton's move so angered citizens that his political future is in serious jeopardy; some believe the waste uproar was a major factor in his decision not to enter the Democratic presidential sweepstakes. Meantime, the Arkansas Power and Light Utility is reportedly bankrolling an opponent to run against State Senator James Scott, who personally visited every landowner in the potentially sited counties, getting pledges that they'd refuse to sell their land to the waste developer.

In Kansas, newly elected Governor Mike Hayden, a Republican, has used various ploys to try to alleviate the controversy. First, after the State Senate fell only three votes short of withdrawing Kansas from the compact once the flaws in the study came to light, the Governor demanded an emergency meeting of the Compact Commission to get some "straight answers"—only to back down despite receiving acceptable replies to only four of his fourteen questions. Then, with Menhusen's group and others in western Kansas demanding that the state store its own waste in the eastern sector, in the vicinity of Kansas' only nuclear plant, Hayden suddenly announced that state geologists had found a perfect spot about forty miles from the plant. This, he said, had been discovered during a search for the best location for the Department of Energy's plum $4.5 billion supercollider project.

Far from throwing water on the fires, this only fed concerns about a trade-off in the works. These had begun when Robert Clack, a retired professor of nuclear engineering at Kansas State University, made public his letter to the Governor proposing that the state establish prototype low-level and even high-level radioactive waste repositories in exchange for the supercollider, which almost every state in the region is jockeying to receive—"thus taking the good with the bad economic development." (In the early 1970s the salt beds of Lyons, Kansas, were the prime candidate to become

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the nation's first high-level waste site, an even greater boondoggle that the Federal government has yet to designate. Although said to have been ruled out because of unstable geology, a former TV news reporter from Kansas has amassed a roomful of government documents indicating that Lyons is still quietly under consideration.)

A stronger likelihood is that pressure came from Washington to keep Kansas from bolting from the compact. As compact director Peery stated in the spring, "If Kansas pulls out, this compact will probably dissolve. Then there's a chance that the whole system across the country will fall apart." This prospective set of falling dominoes is not what the N.R.C., nor many in Congress, want to see happen. But concerns about a trade-off persist. "The word we got is that Senator [Robert] Dole called the Governor and told him, Either stay in the compact or Kansas is out of the running for the supercollider," said Marsha Marshall, formerly of the Kansas Natural Resource Council. In June, Governor Hayden finally admitted publicly that leaving the compact would give Kansas "a black eye" with the D.O.E. in the supercollider bidding.

The Governor remained aloof when over 500 Kansans jammed the steps of the State Capitol on the final day of the legislative session, demanding action. While a nun held aloft a sign reading "We don't have money to pay you off, but we have votes to vote you out" and the State Attorney General castigated the whole procedure as "playing Russian roulette," Hayden refused to address the rally. The legislators who did, no matter their political party, became instant heroes if they favored abandoning the compact. The Kansas Republican Party chair responded by sending out letters to 4,000 key supporters accusing the antidump organizers of mounting an orchestrated, partisan attack on the Governor's policies.

It is still too early to tell whether the people's outcry will be heeded by the politicians. But in Arkansas and Nebraska, the citizens' groups are beginning a referendum petition drive to get the compact withdrawal issue on the 1988 ballot. In Kansas, where such an effort is not allowed under state law, a recall-the-Governor movement has been openly discussed. Two new citizens' organizations have sprung up this fall in response to the waste situation—Kansans for a Safe Environment and another group, based near the Wolf Creek nuclear plant, which publishes a newsletter titled "Stewards of the Land." Some of the leading antidump crusaders there and elsewhere are contemplating running for office themselves.

For its part, US Ecology has embarked on a heavily funded "public participation" program. In California, where the firm was also chosen to develop a site ("somewhere in the desert"), US Ecology gave $50,000 to the League of Women Voters. "They convene meetings, run a board that includes representatives of environmental groups, utilities and citizen organizations, and are coming up with criteria that we will use in selecting a site," said company spokesman Richard Paton. US Ecology's new "technical consultant," the Bechtel National Corporation (holder of 40 percent of all engineering and construction contracts from the nuclear power industry) has promised a bailout of US Ecology should it go broke in the Illinois legal proceedings against it. Bechtel will also help with the "public participation" effort in the Central Interstate Compact, where it hopes that some financially strapped rural community will go for the jobs and tax incentives that will accompany the dump site.

The public, however, has other forms of participation in mind. "Basically these are fairly gentle people," Bob Bland said, but should all else fail, "everyone in southeast Arkansas knows there'll be sheer violence if they ever start coming down these roads with the stuff." Laura Menhusen said, without any prompting, that the same would happen in western Kansas, "and we're talking guns."

More than thirty activists from all five compact states gathered recently in Lincoln, Nebraska, on the eve of the Compact Commission's annual meeting. Forming a Central Interstate Citizens' Task Force, they drew up their own criteria on community rights and liabilities, and agreed to stick together in opposition no matter where the developers seek to put the eventual site. They also announced an impending Supreme Court challenge on the constitutionality of the compact system itself. Congressman Dan Glickman of Kansas has raised "serious question as to the viability" of any waste compact, since none of the states have reratified the amendments extending the compact deadline passed by Congress in 1986. "Maybe," Glickman has said, "there is nothing to pull out of in the first place."

Congress, says the Central Interstate citizens' group, should force the utilities to store their own nuclear garbage in aboveground, modular facilities similar to one already in use by the Tennessee Valley Authority, and let the industry itself come up with legitimate new technologies to deal with the situation it's been avoiding for forty years.

At the Compact Commission's last meeting in September, the Kansas representative demanded that US Ecology place less weight on geological considerations and more emphasis on the projected amount of radioactive waste generated by each state. The commission will vote on December 8 at a meeting in Kansas City on whether to approve US Ecology's selection criteria, as well as the contract negotiations between it and the member states (which have bogged down repeatedly over the past several months). A week later, in New Orleans, US Ecology will announce its choice for "host" state. Already, after two beleaguered rural towns in southeastern Nebraska requested the waste firm to come make its pitch (US Ecology's enticement includes an estimated $1 million in local annual wages), Kansas activists mobilized to travel there and better inform the populace.

Inspired by the groundswell in the Midwest, the Nuclear Information and Resource Service is sponsoring a national conference of radioactive-waste activists. As Hamilton of the Radioactive Waste Campaign summarized, "Something very exciting is happening out there in what we call the hinterlands. Maybe they still have a degree of self-reliance—and a willingness to fight when they see their freedom being imposed upon—that a lot of people on the coasts have forgotten." □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Tales of Detection

JAMES MARCUS

ONE WAY OR ANOTHER. *By Leonardo Sciascia. Carcanet. 103 pp. $16.95. Paper $8.50.*

THE WINE-DARK SEA. *By Leonardo Sciascia. Carcanet. 142 pp. $14.95.*

SICILIAN UNCLES. *By Leonardo Sciascia. Carcanet. 205 pp. $15.95.*

THE MORO AFFAIR and THE MYSTERY OF MAJORANA. *By Leonardo Sciascia. Carcanet. 175 pp. $16.95.*

It's become almost a commonplace, the "literary" detective novel. Gabriel García Márquez, Mario Vargas Llosa, Umberto Eco and Paul Auster—to name only a few—have all found something congenial in the form, with its teasing uncertainties and metaphorical resonances: These gumshoes track their suspects through the unlikely underworlds of history, semiotics or epistemology. Few, however, have exploited the form with the cunning and ferocity of the Sicilian Leonardo Sciascia. And certainly nobody else has succeeded, as Sciascia has, in widening his investigations into a pitiless and brilliant moral anatomy of his culture, and by extension, our own. Born in Racalmuto, Sicily, in 1921, Sciascia has made his home island the site of a peculiarly scorching brand of mystery, in which local realities—most prominently, the Mafia, the church and, at a remove, the volatile spectacle of Italian politics—generate a wholly indigenous unreality.

Pirandello was the first Sicilian to make this unreality into his stock in trade. Thus he hovers over Sciascia's mysteries like a tutelary spirit. As the narrator of *One Way or Another* confesses, "I was born and had lived for years in Pirandellian landscapes, among Pirandellian characters, with Pirandellian traumas, so that between the author's text and the life I'd led till I grew up there wasn't a gap either in my memories or my feelings." In Sciascia's work, however, Pirandello's incessant tinkering with solipsism and insanity is transformed into more mundane forms of unreality: denial, deception, mistrust. His characters are too busy denying the existence of the Mafia to deny their own. The epigraph for much of his work might come from the Sicilian hack lawyer who told Danilo Dolci: "Mistrust is innate with us. If we organize, it's pure coincidence."

One Way or Another is the latest of Sciascia's mysteries to make its appearance in English. (Originally published as *Todo Modo* in 1974, it was made into a movie several years later, with a soundtrack by Charles Mingus.) The narrator, a successful painter journeying aimlessly around the country, stumbles onto a religious retreat at a remote hotel. He soon realizes that the devotees consist entirely of powerful figures from the worlds of industry, government and the church. Meanwhile, he also crosses verbal lances with the retreat's mysterious organizer, the priest Don Gaetano. The two argue about theology, sin and literature, while the powers that be take more worldly advantage of their gathering: "They were on holiday. But a holiday rich in opportunities for the renewal of profitable relationships, for schemes to increase their power and wealth, to disrupt alliances and avenge betrayals."

Even this stratospheric networking is interrupted, however, when one guest is mysteriously murdered during a group recital of the rosary. The murder takes place out in the enormous parking lot in front of the hotel, and Sciascia draws a marvelously ominous picture of the floodlights being switched on after the fact:

> The lights came on in three waves—a blinding crescendo. At the far end of the esplanade the dead body, foreshortened in my angle of vision, seemed more dead than before. Then two waiters, dropping a sheet over it, turned it into a little mound of snow. The night was suddenly filled with a dense ballet of midges, with geckos streaking across the walls towards the glaring lamps. It was as though a horror, till then unperceived, had been unexpectedly exposed.

Indeed a horror has been exposed, of which the corpse is only a minor instance: the horror of power ascending without the ethical ballasts of good and evil; of power, as Sciascia has elsewhere said, "as a criminal act." Another murder follows, and finally Don Gaetano himself is found dead. Still, a certain humdrum atmosphere lingers over the trio of murders. To phrase it in the theological language Sciascia offers us: It's as though the corpses are merely mundane instances of a primal cause that can't possibly be perceived. Therefore, the crimes and their rather oblique solution take a back seat to the narrator's consideration of free will, causality, the collapse of reason, etc. In this sense, *One Way or Another* refuses to behave like the thriller it's cracked up to be. At the same time, Sciascia never becomes so mired in abstraction that he fails to locate horror and venality in its natural habitat—this world, the flesh-and-blood one. The epitaph the narrator pronounces over Don Gaetano's corpse puts death, too, in its place: "I could hear those in front of me asking each other with baited breath if Don Gaetano had been murdered or had died a natural death—as if death, as Don Gaetano should really have taught them, isn't always and everywhere natural."

One Way or Another's congregation of wheeler-dealer bigshots is fascinating for another reason. The novel's vision of collusion in the corridors of power, complete with oddball rituals, might have seemed initially like one more exercise in what Richard Hofstadter called the "paranoid style." In fact, Sciascia's picture turned out to be eerily realistic: In May 1981, the world first caught wind of Italy's P-2 scandal. During a raid on the home of right-wing crank and businessman Licio Gelli, Italian police discovered detailed membership lists of a secret Masonic lodge, of which Gelli was grandmaster. Later documentation revealed hundreds of payments to various members; included among the membership list were three Cabinet members, thirty generals, eight admirals, forty-three members of Parliament and the commanders of three of Italy's intelligence services. The discovery of Gelli's lodge—called Propaganda Due, or P-2 for short—eventually brought down the Christian Democratic government of Arnaldo Forlani, and some of its ramifications, such as the role of jailed financier Michele Sindona, have never been completely untangled.

Not all of Sciascia's work, it should be said, falls into the category of thriller. The stories collected in *The Wine-Dark Sea*, perhaps the best in-

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troduction to Sciascia, offer a kind of capsule history of Sicily, ranging through several hundred years and engaging the country's events from their exhilarating and terrible underside. A good comparison might be the naif's-eye view of Waterloo Stendhal creates in *The Charterhouse of Parma*. (Sciascia recalls Stendhal in other ways, too; he shares the same adamant clarity, the same dry wit—the type that scarcely smiles at its own jokes and often grimaces at them.) Although not tales of detection, these stories do have a riddling quality to them, whether they're recalling a nugget of Sicilian history or staging one of Sciascia's many comedies of ironic disillusionment. Included among the latter are "The Long Crossing," in which a boatload of Sicilian immigrants en route to the New World, disbursed of their life savings, are unknowingly deposited back on their own island; and the superb title story, about the bottomless chasm separating Sicilians and outsiders, bridged only temporarily by a group of strangers traveling from Rome to Agrigento. "Philology," the closest thing to a classic Pirandellian exercise, lets us eavesdrop on two mafiosi cramming for an upcoming session with a Commission of Enquiry. The subject: how to answer the question, "What is the Mafia?" The two consult a battery of dictionaries, arguing about the merits of various definitions and etymologies. At the end, the superior of the two adds his own footnote to the scholarship:

> "And we know that the thing itself, the association, was already in existence by the fact (this is my addition) that the *mafiosi* imprisoned in the Vicaria issued a directive in 1860 addressed to their friends outside, advising them to behave well and not commit such crimes as theft, rape and murder that the Bourbons could use . . . against the Garibaldi revolution . . . "
>
> "I didn't know that."
>
> "There are a great many things which you do not know and which you would do well to learn . . . Culture, my friend, is a wonderful thing."

Sicilian Uncles, a collection of four novellas, explores much of the same terrain, catching Sicily at four key historic moments: the Allied invasion of 1943, the Spanish Civil War, the events of 1848, and the death of Stalin. (The last is a recurrent motif in Sciascia: Himself a former Communist Party member of Palermo's city council, more recently a Radical Party delegate to the national Parliament, he treats political disillusionment with an irony both bleak and surprisingly tender.)

Sciascia brings the techniques of the detective novel to bear on political history in the two essays that constitute *The Moro Affair and The Mystery of Majorana*. The first examines at some length the crisis that developed around the 1978 kidnapping and murder of Aldo Moro by the Red Brigades. Sciascia considers the affair from all sorts of oblique angles, reproducing and analyzing letters, press releases, speeches; in fact, not the least of his aims seems to be an understanding of the discourse of political disaster. He discusses the letters that Moro's captors delivered for him, alert to the points where a personal note flares faintly through the tissue of official language: "He was obliged to *express* himself in a language of *non-expression*, to *make himself understood* by the same means he had sought and tested in order *not to be understood*." He studies the manifestoes and communiqués of the Red Brigades—Marxist screeds sprinkled with an endless proliferation of acronyms. Even the sordid mess of the Moro affair, with its bungling and tragedy, yields a Pirandellian accent for Sciascia. In some sense, he finds the events inaccessible to understanding:

> The impression that everything which occurred in the Moro affair did so, as it were, *in literature*, derives mainly from the elusiveness of the facts, a sort of withdrawal of the facts—when they occurred and even more so in retrospect—into a dimension of unfailing imaginative or fanciful consequentiality, from which a constant, stubborn ambiguity overflows. Only in fantasy, in dreams is such perfection achieved.

Repelled by both the sanctimonious hypocrisy of the Christian Democratic state and the tactics of the Red Brigades, Sciascia emerges from his dense, closely argued investigation with . . . nothing. Nothing, that is, in the way of a solution; in this particular mystery guilt and error are so widely dispersed, so universal, that "one experiences a kind of reflected shame at simply continuing to peruse the documents." For Sciascia, the word "mystery" retains its original sense of unknowability. And as he does in *One Way or Another*, Sciascia confers upon his inconclusiveness a staggering load of intelligence and art. His questions, posed with deadly accuracy, are worth the answers of a dozen other writers. □

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Bad Girl

DIANA KETCHAM

STRAIGHT ON TILL MORNING. *By Mary S. Lovell. St. Martin's Press. 408 pp. $16.95.*

Beryl Markham, the Kenya-bred beauty who enjoyed a moment of celebrity in 1936 when she became the first woman to fly the Atlantic solo east to west, has recently been granted a second turn at fame. The first time around Markham's flight earned her a hero's welcome from New York Mayor Fiorello La Guardia, a motorcade up Fifth Avenue and the attentions of Hollywood talent scouts. She then settled in southern California and wrote her memoirs. But her book, *West With the Night*, sold poorly and she failed her screen tests. By the mid-1940s, Beryl Markham the celebrity was forgotten.

Fifty years after her flight, thousands of Americans know Markham's name and could unerringly identify her from a photograph, pale-eyed and elegant in her aviator's helmet. Her life story is about to become a ten-hour TV drama, and two more feature-length films about her are in production. Mary S. Lovell's *Straight on Till Morning*, a conscientiously researched but awkwardly written biography of Markham, is a central event of this publishing season, while Markham's own account of her life is in its second year on the *New York Times* best-seller list. The book's publisher, North Point Press, has just issued an illustrated gift edition, as well as a collection of her stories, *The Splendid Outcast*.

Who was Beryl Markham to inspire such literary and extraliterary interest? In spite of the genuine charm of *West With the Night*, the Markham craze is undoubtedly something more than a response to remarkable achievements on and off the page. It is Markham's life that fascinates, both for what she told of it and the eddies of rumor that have swirled around it ever since. The result is a story containing in intriguing juxtaposition a remarkable number of the myths of heroic action of our century. Its protagonist was not only an international socialite in the Paris and London of the 1920s but a big-game tracker and bush pilot in the East Africa of the 1930s, a literary figure in the Hollywood of the 1940s, a prizewinning racehorse trainer in the 1950s and a lifelong sexual adventurer (to whose list of known conquests Lovell has added Leopold Stokowski, Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, Prince Henry of England and an unnamed but identifiable "international folk singer." To have done all this and—here is the crucial point—to have done it as a woman, that is the essence of her attraction.

When *West With the Night* was reissued in 1983, its admirers were charmed to learn that the author was still living, a sharp-tongued and hard-drinking 81, residing in picturesque poverty on the grounds of the Nairobi racetrack. But after Markham died in August of 1986, this upbeat tale of overdue acclaim was jeopardized by scandal. Friends of her third husband, the late Raoul Schumacher, came forward to insist that it was he who had written the book. In a letter in the March 1987 *Vanity Fair*, Scott O'Dell, a Santa Barbara friend of the couple, described their marriage as competitive and acrimonious, and quoted Schumacher as having said that Markham was illiterate and had written "not one damned word" of the famous memoir.

Beginning with the legend of Markham the writer, Lovell clears up the question of authorship by pointing out that Schumacher did not meet Markham until after she had submitted eighteen chapters of *West With the Night* to her publisher. Markham acknowledged her husband's editorial help with the finished manuscript, but Schumacher would seem an unlikely candidate for the authorship of any of it, since his own claim to being a writer rests on the publication of only three short stories.

Lovell suggests that a more likely influence on the writing of *West With the Night* might have been Saint-Exupéry, with whom Markham had an affair in Hollywood at the time she was beginning her memoir. Lovell detects the effect of his style in the book, but she never doubts Markham's authorship. And why should she? The accusations of Markham's illiteracy came from her disgruntled former husbands, Schumacher and Mansfield Markham, whom Lovell quotes as saying that "the only thing she could understand was signing her name on a cheque." From the accounts of others, as well as letters and speeches quoted in the biography, it is obvious that Markham used the English language with elegance and wit.

The allegations of Markham's illiteracy are not without significance, however. For they expose the contradictory nature of the myths that have attached themselves to her story. Here Markham has been the victim of her own legend, much of it self-created. For if we are in awe of Markham the writer, we are also enchanted by the image of her as a creature of the body, a literal child of nature who grew up unfettered in the White Highlands of Kenya, far from the influence of Europeanizing schoolmarms. This girl Tarzan is the heroine of the engaging early episodes of *West With the Night* that celebrate her apprenticeship to the Nandi hunters, her rapport with her father's racehorses and, in one much-admired recounting, her coolness in the face of an attacking lion. This is the same Markham who was rumored to have run barefoot through the halls of Buckingham Palace with Prince Henry, who took her twin bulldogs to formal dinner parties and who was said to doctor her horses with a herbal potion learned from an African healer. But if we insist on believing in Markham as an unreconstructed primitive, living joyfully outside the constraints of civilization, we may well hesitate to accept her as the literary craftsman who wrote *West With the Night*.

Lovell's biography goes a long way toward debunking the myth of Markham the child of nature. She reveals a woman rooted by birth in the English upper classes, whose girlhood in Kenya contained far more governesses, Alice in Wonderland dresses, books, music lessons and visits to the beauty parlor than we would have thought from the memoir. At the same time, Lovell affirms the truth of the precocious feats of hunting and horsemanship, quoting Hemingway and others who have attested to Markham's knowledge of African languages, hunting and nature lore.

If Lovell's account weakens the image of Markham as primitive, it replaces it with the equally romantic figure of the displaced aristocrat. As a young woman in the 1920s and 1930s, Markham participated in one of the last great pastoral romps of the European upper classes, the settling of East Africa. As an intimate of such titled pioneers as Baroness Blixen (Isak Dinesen) and her husband Bror, the colonial governor

Diana Ketcham is the book editor of the Oakland, California, Tribune.

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Lord Delamere, and her lover and flying companion, Denys Finch Hatton, Markham was a member of the high-born society recently celebrated in the movie *Out of Africa* and in James Fox's book *White Mischief*. *Straight on Till Morning* offers more of the pleasures of this seductive genre, filling us in on what Bror and Beryl said to one another while they sipped their whiskies after a hard day of tracking elephant, or as they set out the china for tea with Mount Kilimanjaro as a backdrop.

Then there is the matter of Markham's beauty, which makes her such a powerful symbol of the romance of the aristocratic pioneer. With her willowy figure clad in flawlessly tailored sports clothes, her ethereal coloring and finely honed features, Markham looks the way Isak Dinesen should have. (Dinesen was often plump during her African years and given to wearing shapeless shawls and turbans. It was only in later life that she attained transparent thinness.) It is worth wondering if the Markham cult would have bloomed if her extraordinary looks were not so well documented. Surely the photographs have enhanced the mystique, showing her in each of her "periods," as the Edwardian child with curls, the 1920s beauty in beads and bandeau, the bride presented at court, the literary lady at a New York luncheon, the sportswoman with her plane, on safari, on the racetrack and so on. In each of these, Markham is exquisitely turned out in the fashion of the moment, yet with an animal presence that sets her at a remove. It is the particular style of Markham's beauty that gives these images their power. In the combination of delicacy with proven physical prowess, her permed hair and lacquered nails with trousers, she exhibits not only the androgyny of the New Woman but the larger cultural tensions that give the African adventure its tremendous glamour.

Lovell's biography leaves no doubt as to Markham's competence as a flyer and horsewoman. For her commercial pilot's license (the first in the territory granted to a woman) she passed a mathematical test and also one that required her to take apart and reassemble an airplane engine. Her Atlantic flight was lauded for its masterly navigation, and her bush pilot's career for her skill and courage in traversing unmapped jungle terrain without a radio. Lovell's text is long on anecdotes about Markham's training of "unbreakable" horses and

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Hong Kong	Airfare Only	$ 660	$ 850
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her triumphs at the track. In a typical testimony one of her jockeys, Buster Parnell, says, "I've ridden for the best trainers in the world . . . but I can tell you. She was *the* best."

Such are the ingredients of the legend that established Markham as an exemplary woman, all the more praiseworthy for having conquered the male realm of dangerous sport. But then there is the seamy side of the woman's career, the unheroic strain. For Markham was also a notorious Bad Girl, a spendthrift, a faithless wife, absent mother, exploitative friend, sexual predator and financial leech.

Lovell thrashes about trying to justify Markham's indifference to other people. She argues that Markham's abandonment by her mother at age 5 and her father at 18 left her wary of commitment. Undeniably, Markham was a woman who never got over her infatuation with her father, the Kenya pioneer who formed his daughter's exacting standards for physical courage and competence. But the sentimental interpretation of Markham as a motherless child is not compelling. Its Victorian assumptions are at odds with the bracing modernity of her active life.

Finally, the reader cares less about what Markham didn't want (i.e., family ties) than what she did. She pursued accomplished men who could teach her skills she wanted to learn, as her father had. According to Lovell, her great passions were for Tom Campbell Black and Denys Finch Hatton, the men who introduced her to flying (both were killed in flying accidents). Lovell's theory about Markham's Atlantic flight is that she risked it to win back the attentions of Black, who had married another woman. By the same principle, she turned against Schumacher when he was unable to teach her how to become a successful writer.

In the end, Markham was not only a Bad Girl but a Bad Girl who got away with it. The most seductive myth surrounding her career is that of the survivor. For she came into her own much later in her life, when she was in her 50s, 60s and 70s. At 50 she had returned to Nairobi alone, penniless and ill. With borrowed money, she bought a farm and built it into a model horse-training establishment. This is the chapter Lovell has added to Markham's legend, and it is in many ways the most impressive. For it reverses the melodramatic expectation that Markham must have been punished finally for being so wicked.

Now that the facts are in, does the author of *West With the Night* deserve status as an exemplary woman? In a small way, yes. When you strip away the scandals, the clothes, the famous friends, there remains in Markham's career a core of dedication to the pioneer's values of self-reliance and hard work, the sporting values of discipline and stoic endurance of pain. However, it would be a mistake to think that the Markham cult is a response to these achievements alone. Her fans, I believe, are more entranced by the fantasy of Markham the Bad Girl. Flagrantly lacking in empathy, she pursued a purely individual destiny. In this, her life embodies a fantasy of freedom, of which the image of her in her plane, high above the net of human entanglements, offers a most seductive symbol. The frontier culture offers many images of exhilarating self-sufficiency for men, few for women. Markham's career can be taken as rare proof that a woman can defy respectability, neglect family and still be loved. And when her lovers dropped away in midlife, she continued undaunted without them, having learned their skills so well. Hers is the tantalizing story of a woman who broke the rules for her sex yet never paid the price for it, remaining forever admired, forever desirable, forever fit. It is to this subversive dream in us that the Markham legend speaks. □

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ART.

ARTHUR C. DANTO

Frank Stella

Because it is open at the front, like a box-stage or even a chapel, the vestibule gallery of the retrospective exhibition of Frank Stella's work from 1970 to 1987 (at the Museum of Modern Art until January 5) communicates the sense that this is a special sort of space, set off from the mere public spaces of the museum. This feeling is heightened by the three large rococo works that occupy it, mounted on each of the lateral walls and at the back, between two openings into the exhibition itself, whose style and content is announced by this trio of fascinating and flamboyant fabrications. Each is a furious razzle of dashing curves in the spangled colors of a circus acrobat's costume—garish, in deliciously bad taste, jarring cheerfully against one another, looking as if they had been picked by Cindy Lauper to knock our eyes out. It is raucous, dizzy work that it is impossible not to be charmed by at first glance, but I mean to hold you at the threshold of this space, made metaphorical by the cunning installation, and ask you, before crossing into it, to turn around and contemplate the painting behind you. It would in any case be the last thing to see as you leave the show, but it will prove instructive to ponder it first, as it points forward to the work you are about to enjoy and backward to the work that gave Stella his early reputation, and which typified his precocious retrospective in this museum seventeen years ago.

An immense work, 11 feet 3 inches, *Bijoux indiscrèts* consists of twenty-three concentric squares and has the compositional effect of a regularly stepped pyramid of squares, seen from above. The squares appear to converge at the innermost one, which is the same color—a hot yellow—as the outermost. It is important, I think, that the squares seem to progress inward, referring to their common center, rather than progressing outward, referring to the physical edge of the work. In Stella's early paintings, also consisting of concentric shapes, it was possible to read them, as was done in a famous essay by Michael Fried, as possessing a "deductive structure" in which the painted forms, defined

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by thin, laconic lines, referred outward to the overall shape of the canvas itself. At that time, 1963, critical sensibility was much under the influence of the aesthetics of Clement Greenberg, in which shape and surface were almost the uniquely relevant properties of painting, and Stella seemed made to order for that kind of sensibility. It was as if the work denoted, hence was about, its own material reality, and in particular its real edges. Superficially, the newer work, from 1974, seems to arise from the same impulses because of the regularity of its repeated congruent shapes, but it nonetheless appears to move irresistibly toward its own center, a painted square, the edges of which are not the physical edges of the work. It is as though pictorial illusion, rather than material reality, had begun to subvert the earlier, austere program.

In any case, the colors in the painting fight against the idea of an orderly, square-by-square progression. There are three main zones of color. The outermost and innermost zones, each composed of eight squares, are predominantly in hot or warm colors—reds, yellows, oranges, punctuated by a green square and a dark blue one. The intermediate zone, made up of seven squares, is dark and cool, in blues, maroons, purples. So the painting seems to dilate—it moves toward us in the hot zones and away from us in the cool zone. It is thus that color and geometry conflict with each other, the geometry striving to keep everything on the plane, respecting the edges, the colors refusing to adhere to this orderly program. The colors seem to be struggling to achieve a third dimension while the shapes keep the work anchored to two. It is as if it wants at once to be a painting and to enjoy a three-dimensional spatiality more palpable than that implied by mere edges. And now, if you look into the space of the first gallery, you will note that this is exactly what has been achieved: The gaudy curves are in different planes, hence in real space, but are held together in a rigorous pictorial composition.

So, *Bijoux indiscrèts* is tense with historical differences, between the early Stella, with his drab colors and compulsive repetitions, and the later Stella, liberated to eccentric shapes, extravagant hues and impulsively scribbled surfaces. Big with the future as the painting behind you is, there was no way, I believe, in which that future could have been realized in 1974, though the next set of Stella's works, later that decade, begin to break away from the rigidity of the squares toward something more free. The change is somewhat diffident, since the shapes remain pretty angular, even if the colors—magentas and pinks, for example—have broken away from the spectrum from which the colors of the canvas we have just been examining are drawn. The spectrum itself is an orderly progression, though there are plenty of colors it does not contain—the color of flesh, for example. That it was possible, within a decade, to achieve the kind of work that energizes the space beyond the retrospective's threshold, where I am holding you, is due to a transformation in the art world itself, which I shall discuss in a moment. But I want first to draw your attention to another tension in this work, which intersects with the tension between color and geometry in the 1974 nest of squares (the later work seems like a nest of polychrome serpents).

This work belongs to what Stella called, for reasons of his own, the *Diderot series*, of which you will encounter three others on entering the show. I am naturally interested in Diderot, since he was the first philosopher to write art criticism in a professional way, but I have no clear idea of why Stella named these works after him. Nor do I know why

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Stella gave them their individual titles, usually taken from the names of Diderot's novels—*Jacques le fataliste*, for example, or a stunning one made of two adjoined sets of squares, *Le Rêve de d'Alembert*. The work I have been describing is providentially named *Bijoux indiscrèts*, the title of a somewhat naughty novel, not altogether worthy of the great *philosophe* and which he later regretted having written. It concerns Mangogul, a certain fictional sultan modeled on the monarch of France, who reigns over a Congo court that is an allegory of Versailles. Mangogul has a magic ring which, when pointed at the genital zone of a woman, transforms her vagina into a mouth, which then spills the beans about her sexual secrets and the special secrets of those with whom she has been intimate. The book soon bogs down, as one loquacious and *indiscrèt bijou* has much the same story to tell as any other. Still, it is a pretty good title for the work, drawing attention to its eroticism: the dilations, almost muscular, the receding and thrusting forward, the warring of form and color, the relentless drawing in and in. These enact the cadences and excitements of physical love. This may strike you as a forced interpretation, but I have an unsolicited confirmation in the description of the *Diderot* paintings by John Russell: "They envelop us with a chromatic vibration that can almost be heard as well as seen. They tighten the visual knot, inch by inch, until we arrive at the tiny central square that is both the end of our journey and the knob of pure energy that holds us captive." (This in a family newspaper!) The *bijou* could scarcely have put it more graphically. So the tension I want to propose is that between the male and female sides of this artistic personality. The regimented squares express the regulative imperatives of the masculine will. The vibrant colors, the enveloping space, the sensuous and teasing dilations that draw us in, belong to the feminine side. Certain events in the art world of the 1970s and 1980s enabled this other side to emerge—though the sexual tensions of *Bijoux indiscrèts*, transformed to be sure, remain in the more characteristic newer work and give it its excitement. The entire exhibition is a kind of erotic jubilee, filled with drives and responses. So let us enter the space and begin ourselves to respond to the works we have only so far looked at.

The first word that entered my mind when I initially saw these pieces was "feminist." With all due regard to the image of athletic machismo the artist projects through his obsession with fast cars and competitive sports, these extraordinary works suggest to me that a certain feminist sensibility has conquered artistic consciousness today. And this exhibition shows, in effect, the degree to which an idiom that was very much on the periphery of the art world of the 1970s has infiltrated it to the point of now being available as a salon style, and accessible to artists of whatever gender. It may well strike feminists that this instead is evidence of the same history of exploitation women have lived through immemorially, their breakthroughs being appropriated by one of the most approved male artists of the day in one of the most coveted spaces of international art. But it is a kind of victory, even so. It has always been the claim of at least some feminists that liberation would be mutual when it arrived; in any case it was the gradual acceptance of the strategies of feminist art that seem to me to have made this art possible. Feminist artists began by refusing to pursue those ideals of artistic purity that Stella's own early work exemplified to perfection, with its reduced colors, its exact ratios, its minimalisms, its essentializing of surface and shape. Women artists, in the name of women's art, aimed at a kind of impurity instead, messy, often shocking, with an openness to rejected materials and crazy forms and provocative juxtapositions and illogical sequences. It was as if they refused to be tidy, demure, tasteful, dainty, clean, which after all were attributes of an imprisoning femininity. At the same time, they were not anxious to preempt the attributes of masculinity. So women's art flourished in a narrow space, at the outskirts of the art world. Not surprisingly, many women became performance artists, and there is a component of performance in a good bit of women's art today, most of which, it seems to me, aims at the destabilization of accepted categories. It was categorization that had held women in their place, and the natural reflex was to stun the propensity to respect borderlines. Though there were of course feminist creations that celebrated specifically female forms, my sense is that the deep impulses of feminism consisted in eloquent, if often angry, repudiations. Inevitably, in enfranchising shapes, materials, colors, textures and images that did not easily fit

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accepted canons, feminists pioneered media that would sooner or later be appealing to those who may not have shared their ideology. The art world of the present, to the degree that it has been renewed by this—to the degree that it has been renewed at all—is greatly in their debt. And no one can be more greatly indebted than Stella.

Let us now begin to look more carefully at the work that faces us as we turn away from *Bijoux indiscrèts* and stare into that wonderful first gallery. The work, *Zeltweg*, is a little society of odd shapes, dominantly curved shapes—scrolls and volutes—painted upon in a loose way with saturated colors and jumbled together in a sort of agreeable disorder. That is one's first impression. The shape that immediately strikes the eye is reminiscent of a blunt, curved scissors, predominantly yellow with some lavender squiggles, and overlaid by a spidery network of lines, like a freehand grid. At first the work seems like a scrapbox of shapes, cut from odds and ends of fabric or painted paper and then abandoned, with the scissors laid across the top. Just behind the scissors is what looks like a carpenter's square, painted in uneven dashes of red pigment that effectively cover over the inch marks, as if to render it unusable for measurement. Beginning at the upper left side, then curving unevenly over the top until it widens out and drops on the right side, is a sort of green ribbon painted in a pattern one might find on the lampshade in an awful motel. It could be a snake with a curious opening for an eye, or a golf club gone flaccid and clumsy, and since it has a hole in its head, is of no use other than to be painted. All the shapes are entertaining and ambiguous, happy to risk being silly, like clowns. There is an almost explosive contrast between the comical atmosphere of the work and the solemn prose in which Stella's work is characterized in the show's catalogue, as indeed in the immense critical literature devoted to this admired artist. In fact, the writings on Stella constitute a body of prose that reads like contributions to an abstruse and remote study in which one might specialize and earn a higher degree. But I am willing to take this, too, as a tension that increases our enjoyment of the work. It is almost as if it were making fun of the ponderous descriptions (and there is a kind of feminist gesture there, as well).

The scissors form is supported by a thick black arrow, dribbled over in silvers and seeming to be a template, since various scroll-shaped holes, through which we can see other forms behind it, have been stamped out. The arrow points to the right, and lies on the precise horizontal axis of the work. In fact, the head and shaft of the arrow form right angles at the point where the horizontal and vertical axes cross, dividing the space into four equal-sized quadrants and acting as Cartesian coordinates. Suddenly, in the rough and tumble of shapes and colors geometry asserts itself, and the quivering oddments, which at first seemed so improvisational and disordered, are trapped in a grid that the coordinates imply. It is a grid that is comically, because so freely, cartooned with the same overlay network of lines I remarked on in discussing the scissors. In fact, one can see this loose network through the work, impishly refusing to be reduced to exactitudes. And all at once one begins to feel that everything has a double identity, geometrical and organic, mathematical and festive—masculine, if you like, and feminine.

By now the forms that seemed at first so curious have begun to look familiar. They are the instruments of mechanical drawing: triangles, Flexi-curves, T-squares, straightedges, French curves and protractors. Every line is a locus of points in Cartesian space. Draftsman's curves are tools that enable us to connect points in a smooth-drawn curve. Instrumental but interesting in their own right as forms, the draftsman's tools have become characters in an allegory, full of references to order and disorder, to different orders of order, to logic and sensuality, constraint and impulse, integration and differentiation—an intricate ballet of interlocking polarities for which the wars and peaces of the sexes is a distant analogy.

Zeltweg is also the name of a race track in Europe and belongs to a series called *Circuits*, named after places in which brave drivers tear space apart with powerful machines. I agree with William Rubin in esteeming these as Stella's highest achievements. The dominant elements are the repertoire of drawing aids, enlarged, stretched, on occasion topologically modified and then dribbled over in relaxed arabesques derived from and referring to, one is certain, the Expressionist skeining of Jackson Pollock. These elements unite two sets of connotations. They are instru-

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ments through which working drawings are made, which translate the ideas of engineers into real machines, and they also refer to the world of ships, engines, bridges and machinery. Perhaps they entered into their own generation from sketches to works of art. But the dripped and drizzled or daubed paint, in drop-dead colors and clashing conjunctions, connote feeling, daring, flash, abandon. Paint and form embrace, as in *Bijoux indiscrèts*, a powerful antithesis that is then transmitted as energy to the work as a whole, where the elements are forced to inhabit a space that exercises over them a power they repudiate. In some way a harmony is achieved, and the eye is rewarded with something that is jumble and pattern at once. These are extremely political works.

The inspiration of *Circuits* thins out, it seems to me, in Stella's very latest work, but the tensions these paintings embody and transcend define their spirit and make an intoxicating show. There is something especially great about seeing all this work together, rather than dispersed to the expensive walls on which one now and again comes across them, one at a time. In fact, there is a gaiety here you will have encountered once before this season, in the Red Grooms show at the Whitney Museum. I saw the Stella exhibition before it opened, while it was being installed under Stella's supervision by his crew. I said, with no particular effort at critical depth or precision, that I liked the work. Well, the artist said, they are supposed to be liked. The pieces are demanding and ingratiating at the same time—perhaps because of one another. Go to have a good time, but be prepared to deal with the tensions and dissonances that churn and excite the spaces you and the works will co-occupy. As you leave the show, pause a moment before *Bijoux indiscrèts* and reflect on how the forces that shook it generated the work you leave behind. □

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FILMS.

TERRENCE RAFFERTY

Sammy and Rosie Get Laid

It's easy to believe that what Hanif Kureishi doesn't know about racial, sexual and class relations in Thatcher's England probably isn't worth knowing. In last year's *My Beautiful Laundrette*, which Kureishi wrote and Stephen Frears directed, the opening of a Pakistani-owned laundromat in a poor London neighborhood was the modest frame for an intricate pattern of social ironies. The characters, drawn from the margins of Britain's increasingly sleek and callous society, were complexly faceted, but somehow, miraculously, the multiple reflections they gave off seemed to create a clear, even light, directed inward, at the heart of the matter. The conflicting desires of individuals and societies have rarely been presented with such urgency, concentration and lucid wit.

The new Kureishi-Frears film, *Sammy and Rosie Get Laid*, which opens with the voice of the Prime Minister saying something mealy-mouthed about the inner cities, is more head-on in its attack, yet more elusive in its effect. The illumination this movie provides is intentionally diffuse. The characters, as rounded as *Laundrette*'s, are more middle-class this time, and less focused: They reflect haphazardly, unsure of which direction to head in. The comedy of *My Beautiful Laundrette* was that its characters, each one a riot of mixed motives and contradictory cultural influences, nonetheless all seemed to know exactly what they wanted; the joke in *Sammy and Rosie* is that nobody does. Everyone in this picture is rootless, free-floating—either by necessity, like the urban poor who live in caravans parked under a motorway overpass, or by choice, like the title characters, played by Frances Barber and Ayub Khan Din, who conduct their very open marriage ("freedom plus commitment," they proudly announce) from a well-appointed flat on a seedy South London block.

Kureishi knows these people well—not just how they dress and talk but also how they flirt at parties, how they justify themselves politically (to themselves, to each other, to the outside world) and what they do on weekends. (According to Sammy, he and Rosie like to attend seminars on semiotics, go to plays at the Royal Court Theatre—the adventurous theater that gave Kureishi his start—and "buy novels written by women.") Yet he doesn't seem to know quite what he wants from them. Daringly, the movie keeps shifting the focus of our interest, reshuffling our sympathies, darting restlessly from one moral dilemma to another, changing styles from the realistic to the fantastic to the (nearly) didactic. It's all over the place, and the intent is surely to make the ironies and contradictions radiate, expand, spill out into the world beyond the movie and turn into enlightened action: The question of political action is addressed explicitly throughout the movie, most pointedly in the character of Sammy's father, Rafi (Shashi Kapoor), a powerful old revolutionary whose reputation is tainted by rumors that he tortured political prisoners. Theoretically, the filmmakers' strategy is a noble one. They aren't out to repeat what they did in *Laundrette*: the newspaper-headline immediacy is here jacked up several levels in intensity and complexity, past the fine precision of naturalism into a mode that's less prosaic, more lyrical and grandly inflammatory—a style that's free but committed. It just doesn't work.

Sammy and Rosie is hectically inventive, with ideas and characters whizzing past us like pinballs. In addition to the (more or less) central trio of Sammy, Rosie and Rafi, there are many other important figures in Kureishi's crowded mural: a quiet black man named Danny (or, sometimes, Victoria), played by Roland Gift, who lives in a caravan and has a brief affair with Rosie; Anna (Wendy Gazelle), a white American photographer having a not very satisfying relationship with the passive and distracted Sammy; Alice (Claire Bloom), a well-off English widow who's an old lover of Rafi; a pair of gay women—one black (Suzette Llewellyn), one Pakistani (Meera Syal)—from Rosie's feminist group, who dig up the dirt on Rafi; a decrepit one-eyed Pakistani (Badi Uzzaman) who keeps popping up and then disappearing, and who turns out to be the ghost of one of Rafi's tortured opponents, the embodiment of his uneasy conscience; and a group of hippie-ish buskers flitting in and out of street scenes, singing and cavorting, in what may or may not be an ironic reference to the unforgettably annoying mime troupe in *Blow-Up*. And in this movie, things really are blowing up. England

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still swings, but it burns, too. The streets of Sammy and Rosie's neighborhood are full, night and day, of the rioting poor, setting fire to the debris surrounding them and hurling bricks at the police, whose violence is the immediate cause of this explosion of frustration. With all this going on, it's not surprising that Kureishi and Frears seem a little crazed, frantic to cover everything—in the streets, in minds, in hearts—and, not so incidentally, to lob a few flaming chunks from England's ruins back in the face of the Conservative government that created them.

Frears has adopted a slashing, nervous style, fragmenting the action in the attempt to keep us aware simultaneously of what's happening in, say, Alice's comfortable drawing room, the turbulent streets of South London, Sammy and Rosie's bed and Rafi's troubled dreams. The movie is part TV news documentary, part comedy of manners and part Brechtian parable—a mix that's sometimes exhilarating but just as frequently feels awkward and desperate. In the interval between *My Beautiful Laundrette* and the new movie, nothing's changed much in England—the Conservatives have won another general election—and Kureishi and Frears may believe that time is running out, that simply showing people what's out there, as they did in *Laundrette*, is no longer enough. The heterogeneous aesthetic of *Sammy and Rosie* seems to have grown out of frustration—out of the filmmakers' impatience with their own powers. It's as if the lucid realism of *Laundrette*, not having proved to be part of the solution, were now being condemned as part of the problem. This picture resembles an act of self-criticism and, like many such acts, it's both a little too earnest and not quite convinced of itself. Kureishi is just about incapable of creating a one-dimensional character, yet he seems suspicious now of anything that might suggest a way to order or interpret his people's ambiguities: a central dramatic focus, like the laundrette. The characters in *Sammy and Rosie* are rich and surprising and mysterious, but they don't really resonate with each other and not one of them is fully comprehensible on its own. Sammy and Rosie themselves, the leftist yuppies, are especially problematic. As representatives of what Kureishi obviously sees as a kind of swing group in English society, they're necessarily contradictory and rather unformed—at once brave social

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experimenters and obnoxious pseuds—so our reactions to them are unstable, volatile. Their scenes, together and separately, are often merely confusing, and they're over too quickly, before our understanding has progressed even to the point where the scene can play on the simplest dramatic level. In the absence of anything else that might shed light on these elusive people, we're entirely dependent on Kureishi's *attitude* toward them, politically and aesthetically, and when we can't identify one the scenes die.

In a sense, what Kureishi and Frears have done is to pass their confusions and frustrations on to the audience. They mean to engage us in the process of their own shifting reactions, as Godard did in the 1960s, to make a film as disturbing and unresolved as the times. It's a deliberately uncomfortable, tentative movie. We could certainly use some of Godard's bracingly radical spirit these days (his own spirit isn't quite what it used to be), so it feels a little strange to criticize a movie as adventurous as *Sammy and Rosie Get Laid*. Still, on the evidence of their two collaborations, Kureishi and Frears have miscast themselves as revolutionaries this time around. Frears, a brilliant realist, appears not to have the temperament for the extremes of style: Scenes meant to be fantastic or poetic are crudely staged, and stick out a mile. And Kureishi often seems to be working against his own gifts here, as if simply telling two or three (or twenty or thirty) things he knows about Sammy and Rosie would be cowardly, inadequate. He knows them so well, yet he's tortured by the feeling that he doesn't know which way they're going. Like every serious artist, he's all too aware that what he doesn't know *is* worth knowing—and may even be crucial. He shouldn't allow himself to become obsessed with his limitations, though: We don't expect him, or any artist, to give us all the answers. After this brave, incendiary failure, he might realize that he's burned away too large a part of himself in trying, single-handedly, to put the torch to Thatcherism—and that the light these fires cast is too uncertain, too panicked and erratic, to show the way home. □

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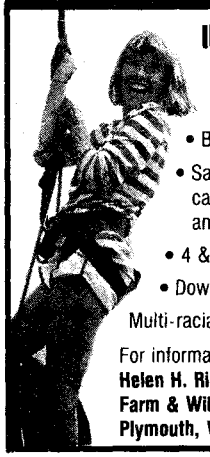

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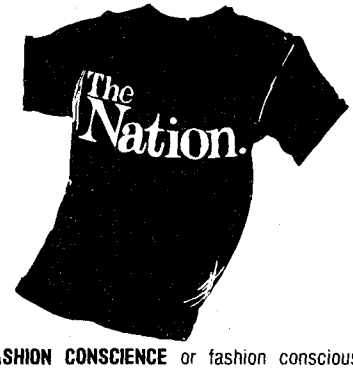

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■	B	A	R	E	F	A	C	E	D	L	I	A	R	■		
B	■	G	■	Y	■	N	■	S	■	I	■	D	■	S		
A	W	A	K	E	■	I	N	T	H	E	S	O	U	P		
N	■	T	■	M	■	M	■	E	■	G	■	P	■	I		
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O	■	A	■	K	■	T	■	■	■	■	■	I	■	A		
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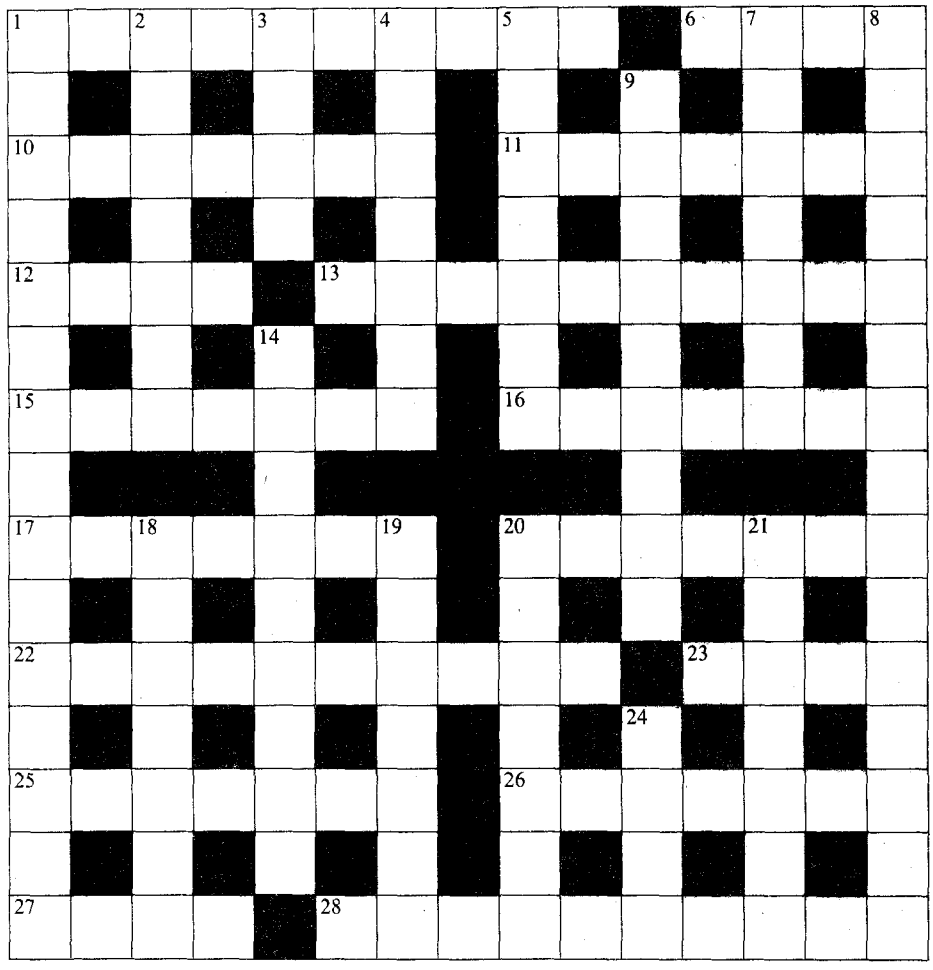
A	■	C	■	U	■	O	■	H	■	E	■	N	■	S		
S	C	H	O	P	E	N	H	A	U	E	R	■	■	■		
H	■	R	■	■	■	■	■	M	■	N	■	V	■	B		
T	A	I	N	T	■	A	P	P	E	L	L	A	T	E		
R	■	S	■	E	■	S	■	L	■	I	■	N	■	A		
A	R	T	E	M	E	S	I	A	■	S	E	D	E	R		
Y	■	I	■	P	■	E	■	I	■	T	■	A	■	D		
■	R	E	P	E	A	T	O	N	E	S	E	L	F	■		

Crossword Puzzle No. 2173

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 6 Carry a line of supplies with a relief organization, and you might put this on one of the packages. (6,4,4)
10 In the manner of the best of possible worlds, the concept goes 50-50 to your head. (7)
11 Is such ware for the hearer subsequently? (7)
12 A rather informal way to describe a speculative situation. (4)
13 His has all diamonds and hearts inside, but they might work well on the ranch. (5,5)
15 Golly, it's about a name associated with diamonds from an old Roman province! (7)
16 In a manner of speaking, you might possibly hear it around 15 nowadays. (7)
17 Briefly, this is often how your answer ends here. (2,1,4)
20 What used to be worn on the quiet? It's the greatest! (7)
22 The efficiency expert likes to find such procedures, but with daylight the parts would be reversed for a certain period. (4-6)
23 One in opposition, if you get the image! (4)
25 In short, the first lady gets pretty sharp, which might be material. (7)
26 A political coalition might be a good sign, after a big downfall. (7)
27 Proving everyone manifests a bad ache! (4)
28 Hardly typified by Laurel and Hardy's "Flying Deuces"! (Coward's work, more likely.) (4,6)

DOWN

1 It never seems close enough when you're looking for a cab! (Someone in it might hear you.) (7,8)
2 Requisite sort of Eden, with a bad case of flu. (7)
3 A more proper name for the girl in 15, possibly one from the valley. (4)
4 Descriptive of Longfellow's hostelry, showing certain methods finally die out . . . (7)
5 . . . with something told there often described as hanging this way. (7)
7 A former spot in Africa sounds just like the place for a sailor song!(7)
8 The death associated with him came just after the morning was over. (6,9)
9 The usual way of thinking, alternately sort of hot on the old girl, if somewhat promiscuous. (9)
14 What might be given at the bank, going to take off what there may be too much of on TV. (9)
18 What may precede Mater finishes up with some ability to make something commonly associated with the farmer. (7)
19 And 107 in old Rome reconstructed by genius? (2,5)
20 My French needs something the winner may go through with a ruler. (7)
21 The horse manages to get around the taxi, but with gruesome results. (7)
24 In the name of the Queen, accompished absolutely nothing. (4)

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It lights up in the dark!

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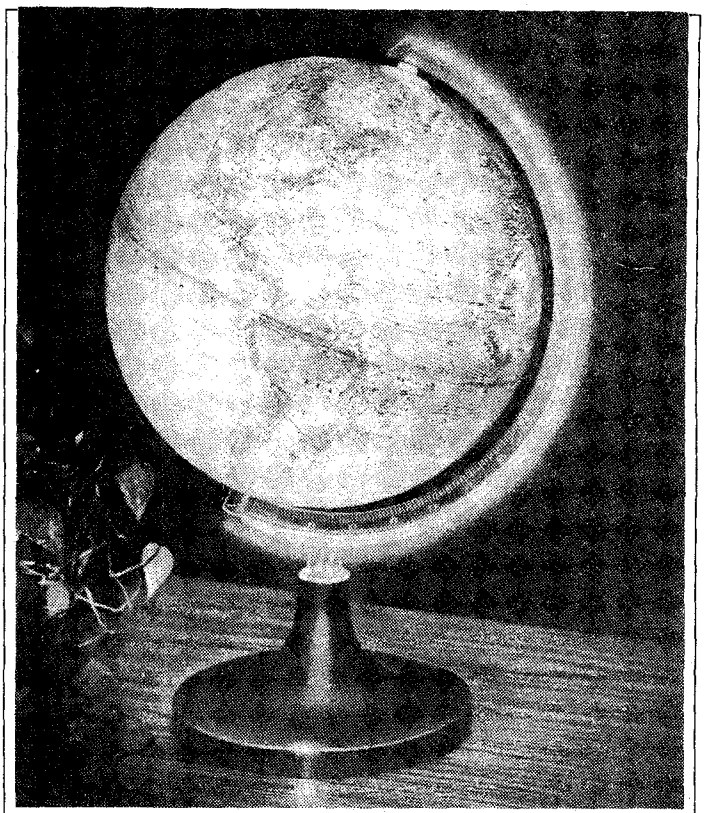
A globe is like an encyclopedia or Bible—no educated home is complete without one. Maps are all very well and good, but only the three-dimensionality of a globe can accurately represent the shape and proportions of our planet—it's a "hands-on" geographical learning aid the whole family can use.

And now your family can enjoy discovering a *new* world with our Mercury *Illuminated* Globe. This impeccably detailed, completely up-to-date 18" tall model of our planet is available for the earthshakingly low price of $29.95. Never before—and probably never again—will a globe of such high quality be offered at such a low price.

An Earthshaking Bargain at Only $29.95

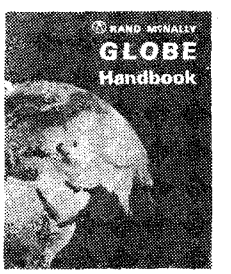
The Mercury Illuminated Globe offers features you just won't find on a conventional globe. It's made of attractive, durable polystyrene and shows the earth's topography, elevations, vegetation patterns, ocean currents, international date line and much more. The Mercury contains 3,600 place names, from the tallest peaks (complete with height in feet) to the tiniest islands! As if all that weren't enough, the Mercury GLOWS IN THE DARK! Switch it on and it reveals the physical world in all its colorful detail—from ocean depths to national boundaries—all depicted in crisp, contrasting colors. And here's the added bonus: the Mercury is a handsome night light that will teach your child about geography as it lights up his room!



The Mercury is also an ideal night light with 24 watt bulb, UL-approved parts, and a high-gloss finish for easy cleaning.

The *Free* Globe Handbook Gives You a World of Information

To ensure that you get the full enjoyment out of your Mercury Illuminated Globe, we're including a free, full-color handbook that tells how to use the globe and explains earth-space relationships, the planets, and more. It's all part of our policy of giving you the most for your money.



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